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The Week

ITALY'S spectacular victories in Africa placed the meeting of the League Council of Thirteen, which opened at Geneva on Wednesday, in an awkward predicament. With most of the organized opposition of the Ethiopians apparently crushed, at least for the time being, with the road to Addis Ababa opened and with Italian soldiers encamped on the shores of Lake Tana, Great Britain was sufficiently alarmed to want renewed pressure of sanctions against Mussolini. This sharply conflicted with the French desire to bring Italy back into a united front of Locarno powers against German reoccupation of the Rhineland, and France was equally insistent upon strong measures against Germany. British official opinion about the Locarno crisis tended slowly to swing toward France, in view of the unsatisfactory counter-proposals brought to London by Hitler's envoy, Joachim von Ribbentrop, and the general bumptiousness of an election-inflated German diplomacy. France's suggestion for the peace of Europe, adopted by the French Cabinet and transmitted to the Locarno signatories in advance of the meeting of the League Council, combined a proposal for mutual-assistance treaties open to all countries under the League framework with the traditional French proposal for an international military force to preserve the general peace. The official objective of the meeting of the League Council—finding a way to end the African conflict with a formula that would save the face of all concerned—promised to be an exceedingly vexing one.

AUSTRIA'S decree reëstablishing universal conscription of all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-two aroused great resentment among the Little Entente nations, Czechoslovakia, Jugoslavia and Rumania, who threatened a general mobilization if Hungary followed suit. Significantly, the Austrian decree called for service "with or without arms," for there is a vast and powerful underground opposition to the Italian-controlled dictatorship and the government dares not distribute arms indiscriminately. Large-scale clashes along the Outer Mongolian border, including a two-day battle involving airplanes, tanks and artillery, still caused little alarm in either Moscow or Tokyo. One explanation was that the raids were precipitated by extremists in semi-independent army units, and the civil government in Tokyo refused to give support to or take responsibility for the army's actions. Brazil's dictator-president, General Getulio Vargas, continued his ruthless campaign of repression of all liberal and progressive elements by arresting a former mayor of Rio de Janeiro. Meanwhile Representative Vito Marcantonio in Washington called for a congressional investigation of the death of the American, Victor Allen Barron, who was officially listed as a suicide but who was, according to Marcantonio's charges, tortured to death by Brazilian police. In Spain, there were rumors of both Fascist and Monarchist coups, while Anarcho-Syndicalist and Socialist leaders issued warnings to their followers to be prepared for revolutionary struggles.

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ANOTHER raid in force by Manchukuoans, supported of course by Japanese, has been repulsed by Mongolians on the Outer Mongolian border. Meanwhile the Soviet Union, striving to come to some agreement with Japan about the method of determining the exact location of the border, finds itself blocked by one obstacle after another. At first it was the reluctance of the Japanese to agree to the presence of impartial persons on the border commission, now it is their refusal to include part of the border itself within the scope of the agreement. Both major governments declare their peaceful intentions; both profess to be afraid of what the other may do. The U.S.S.R. wants peace, but will make war if necessary to keep the Japanese out of its own territory or that of Outer Mongolia. Japan will grab as much territory as she can get, so long as she does not have to incur too great a risk of defeat in order to do so. At present the Soviets have larger and better equipped forces facing Manchukuo than the Japanese have in that region. The Japanese army is agitating at home for means to repair the discrepancy. And while its government proclaims lack of responsibility, it carries on guerilla warfare to see if it can push back the Mongolian border a little. The armies are fighting, though the governments are at peace. No doubt the Japanese government would be glad to accept whatever the army might illegally win for it.

PRESIDENT Roosevelt returned from his vacation to find the House Ways and Means Committee still struggling to get a tax bill in shape to bring out on the floor of the House. A prolonged legislative battle over the measure was indicated, removing any possibility of an early adjournment of Congress. The Supreme Court gave a six-to-three decision against the government's efforts to compel a witness to appear before the S.E.C., but in deciding this case the Court specifically refrained from giving a ruling on the constitutionality of the Truth in Securities Act itself. Continued revelations of high income, non-democratic control and frequently rather sketchy bookkeeping among leaders of the Townsend-plan movement, as brought out by a Senate investigating committee, caused Dr. Townsend to announce a reorganization of Old Age Revolving Pensions, Ltd., along more democratic lines. After a series of still unexplained stays-of-execution and last-minute delays, barbarous in their effect on a caged prisoner and unsettling to the nerves of the whole world, Bruno Richard Hauptmann was electrocuted for the murder of the Lindbergh baby.

THE majority and minority opinions of the Supreme Court on the case of the Securities Exchange Commission against J. Edward Jones indicate that what one thinks is constitutional depends upon what sort of thing makes one angry. Mr. Jones had filed a statement registering some forthcoming securities. The S.E.C. discovered what it thought were important falsifications in this statement. Rather than be investigated, Mr. Jones withdrew the statement. The S.E.C. then ordered Mr. Jones to resubmit the statement for purposes of investigation. He refused, and appealed to the courts. The Supreme Court majority sustained him, using indignant words about "liberty" being "submerged" in petty tyrannies, about a government of laws. The minority, on the other hand, was more concerned about the "host of impoverished investors" deceived by "half-truths" and "untruths" in "certificates masquerading as securities." There is a danger in regarding such things as "peccadillos, or even perhaps as part of the amenities of business." "When wrongs such as these have been committed or attempted, they must be dragged to the light and pilloried. To permit an offending registrant to stifle an inquiry by precipitate retreat on the eve of his exposure is to give immunity to guilt; to encourage falsehood and evasion; to invite the cunning and unscrupulous to gamble with detection." So Mr. Justice Cardozo. We wish Mr. Justice Sutherland, who wrote the majority opinion, would not use liberty as a blanket for quite so many sins.

INVESTIGATION of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company by the Federal Communications Commission, at the behest of Congress, shows in part how Mr. Walter S. Gifford earns his $206,000 salary. During the depression the companies laid off 32 percent of their staff, or about 120,000 workers. The annual payroll was reduced from $526,000,000 to $387,000,000. But the A.T. and T. continued to pay its regular nine-dollar dividend, dipping into its surplus to do so. (Note that it was the stockholders, not the workers or consumers, who sat on the "cushion" that corporate surplus is supposed to provide for depressions.) Indeed, because of a new issue of stock, total dividends jumped from $139,000,000 in 1930 to $167,000,000 in 1931. Some investors had bought the stock as low as $70; those who paid for it the prices current during the depression received an average of about seven percent on their investment. Meanwhile the telephone company had been operating one of the smoothest lobbying machines in the country. No rough stuff—but lunches, dinners, theatre tickets, messengers to meet incoming Congressmen at the station and to assure them of prompt installations. Every bill affecting utilities was watched; "action" was taken in thousands of cases. Any corporation executive who, like Mr. Gifford, holds the childlike belief that the interest of his company is identical with the interest of the nation is worth $206,000 a year—to the owners.

NEW YORK STATE is the most important in the country for the Socialists and it has been the scene of the sharpest struggle between opposing groups within the party. For these reasons particular interest attaches to the primary election held last week in that state. The so-called "Left Wing," headed by Norman Thomas and officially recog-

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nized by the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party, won an overwhelming victory in New York City over the "Old Guard" faction headed by Louis Waldman. Late returns appear to indicate that the victory was equally decisive throughout the state. Although the quarrel will be taken to the National Socialist Convention, it seems altogether probable that the Old Guard has now lost. Norman Thomas and Dr. Harry Laidler have both issued appeals for the dropping of factional quarrels and a united effort to build a strong party on as broad a base as possible, in view of the rising tide of reaction throughout the country. To this the Old Guard replies that they suspect Mr. Thomas of flirting with the Communists and that must never, never be. Nero fiddled while Rome was burning; whether Mr. Waldman is a violinist we have never heard.

THE final chapters in the Hauptmann case sickened the whole country and, if we can judge by newspaper reports, the rest of the world as well. Hardly anyone who has closely studied the testimony has been able to avoid the conclusion that Hauptmann participated in the crime for which he was executed; but there is grave doubt, which will now perhaps never be cleared up, whether he acted alone. The successive postponements of the execution, one of them within a few minutes of the hour set, constituted inhuman cruelty to the condemned man. For months it had been more and more apparent that the case was being made the football of state politics, and indeed, the whole affair was wretchedly mishandled by the New Jersey authorities from beginning to end. We have no reason to believe these officials are particularly worse than those of other states, but only more unfortunate in that they were compelled to deal with the crime which produced more public hysteria than any other of this generation. The execution of Hauptmann, coming in the midst of universal dissatisfaction with the handling of the case and the general belief that the whole story has not been told, should do something to help the cause of those who are seeking to bring about the abolition of capital punishment.

HERBERT HOOVER is at it again—trying to prove that the country had started to revive in 1932 and that if it had not been for Mr. Roosevelt we should have had no banking crisis and recovery would have gone smoothly on. Our hearts go out to him—this is a labor of Sisyphus that will never convince the country, though it may convince some ill informed historian of the next century. In order to prove it he has to maintain that the closing of the banks was due, not to the failures and the loss of confidence in their solvency by depositors, but to the action of speculators who withdrew gold to profit from the devaluation which it was whispered Roosevelt was to adopt. It is a typical Hooverian theory—which was smashed to electrons by John T. Flynn's article, "Who But Hoover?" in the New Republic of December 4, 1935. Mr. Hoover argues that the only way out of the depression was by budget-balancing and deflation of capital values and prices. Characteristically, however, he fails to see that if this is true, he himself was delaying recovery by his big budget deficit and by his R.F.C. loans to salvage capital. Surely he cannot think that the logical end of deflation had been reached in 1932. And if it had not, how can he maintain that a lasting recovery had begun?

MAYOR LaGuardia of New York some weeks ago appointed a committee to investigate the strike in the May Department Store, Brooklyn, recently described in The New Republic ("Frame-up in Brooklyn," in our issue of February 26). The mayor's committee has now brought in a report which confirms all the charges made against the May Company. The committee says the strike was precipitated when union members were dismissed for union activities. It reports wages about 30 percent below the New York City average for the industry, uncompensated overtime, insanitary working conditions and compulsory deductions for a "benevolent association." The committee criticizes New York City magistrates for harsh sentences imposed on strikers who were picketing the establishment, and the district attorney for his activities in connection with a trumped-up conspiracy charge. The management of the store, on the old theory of "admit nothing; deny everything," says that the committee did not write its own report and that everything it says is false. We think our readers will know how to choose between the mayor's committee and one of the parties to the dispute.

IT IS good news, we think, that the authorities of Santa Clara County, California, have at last decided to set David Lamson free. Lamson, whose case has several times been discussed in our pages, was accused of murdering his wife. From first to last he maintained his innocence, contending that she had slipped in a bathtub and fractured her skull. At his first trial he was found guilty and sentenced to be executed, and while in prison he wrote a book, "We Who Are About to Die" (Scribner's), which aroused the enthusiastic admiration of many persons, including Mr. Alexander Woollcott. The California Supreme Court set aside the conviction and ordered a new trial. Two successive juries disagreed and the authorities have now abandoned the attempt to obtain a conviction. The case has caused deep controversy and great bitterness, particularly on the campus of Stanford University, where Lamson was manager of the University Press. We think the Santa Clara authorities are to be congratulated on their decision to drop the whole matter.

THIS year Brookwood Labor College is celebrating its fifteenth anniversary. It has survived through great difficulties—hostility from conservatives in

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itself during the Harding-Coolidge era, internal dissension paralleling that in left-wing political doctrine, and finally the worst depression in history. Yet its achievements have been such as would be noteworthy for an institution without these obstacles. Those who have attended it comprise 420 workers from 61 industries or trades, belonging to 58 unions. Since graduation they have become officials and active workers in the trade-union movement, reporters and editors of labor papers, leaders in coöperatives, in movements of the unemployed or farmers' organizations, and teachers in labor classes. At the present time, Brookwood seems destined for better fortune. It has gained support from many unions, and, with its abstention from any political affiliation, manages to combine in its student body a variety of opinion. We hope the next fifteen years will increase its capacity for service.

THE country is indebted to Judge Learned Hand of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals for a civilized ruling in an obscenity case. Judge Hand has broken completely with the old idea that a book or other work of art should be judged not on its whole content and general effect, but by a single detail. "The earlier doctrine," Judge Hand says, "necessarily presupposed that the evil against which the statute is directed so much outweighs all interests of art, letters or science that they must yield to the mere possibility that some prurient person may get a sensual gratification from reading or seeing what to most persons is innocent or may be delightful or entertaining." To state the ancient doctrine in these terms is all that is necessary to show how absurd it is; yet for many decades, this was the general attitude of judges and juries, and it still prevails in such cities as that cultural wastebasket, Boston. Judge Hand's decision has struck a fine blow for civilization in a country where, and at a time when, it is badly needed.

THE theory on which business is run is that executives of important corporations always know better than anyone else what policies they should pursue to bring in the largest income. But is this really true? In recent years American railways have had many troubles. Inter-city bus traffic was nearly 652,000,000 persons in 1935 compared with 378,000,000 persons in 1934. The steam railroads last year carried only about two-thirds as many persons as the buses and lost 4,000,000 passengers from their 1934 total. It is well known that the railroads have also lost vast quantities of freight that is now hauled by truck. Confronted with this situation, the railroads of the South and West some time ago made drastic reductions in their basic passenger rates—to two cents a mile. They found that their passenger business promptly and greatly increased. Impressed by this evidence, the Interstate Commerce Commission ordered all railroads to come down to the same level, beginning next June. This in theory have long favored a labor party, and roads, which are seeking to compromise on 2.5 cents a mile. They claim the I.C.C. order would cost them $55,000,000 a year. Their testimony on this point would be more effective if the Baltimore and Ohio, one of their own group, had not announced it would accept the I.C.C. ruling. Mr. Daniel Willard of the B. and O. is at least as experienced as, and much better known than, any of the other railroad men who insist that the only sound policy is to go on charging rates so high that people refuse to ride.

HERE are two quotations that tell their own story. The first is from the current advertising campaign for Lucky Strike cigarettes:

> Luckies are less acid! Recent chemical tests show that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53 percent to 100 percent. Results verified by independent chemical laboratories and research groups.

The second is from The Journal of the American Medical Association of March 14:

> There seems to be no evidence that the acidity of tobacco smoke is of the slightest importance in relationship to the health of the smoker or to irritation of his throat by the tobacco.
>
> Moreover, there seems to be no evidence that the difference in acidity between the several leading brands of cigarettes is any greater than the difference in acidity between varying specimens of the same brand.

Gulliver Stirs

THE American labor movement, asleep so long in the fragile political chains with which the old parties have bound it, is still dozing. Vigorous proddings from the Left have failed to arouse it to the point of standing on its own feet and gaining its ends by its own power. Nevertheless it is stirring. A sign of this is the announcement of the formation of Labor's Nonpartisan League, with the immediate purpose of taking an active part in the 1936 national election.

For months there has been agitation from numerous sources for a Farmer-Labor Party in 1936. The Minnesota party of the same name in recent conference called for a national convention to consider the matter, but in spite of a determined effort by a minority of delegates, refrained from putting itself on record in favor of a national ticket this year. This is probably the high point of the movement. No other independent political organization of labor in the United States is so strong as that in Minnesota, and those dominant in the La Follette Progressive Party of Wisconsin are likely to lean toward the President. The miners have already endorsed Mr. Roosevelt, and labor in the industrial states is largely favorable toward him.

There are in the unions numerous persons who

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the time is propitious. The existing situation has created a dilemma for them. They want to strengthen as far as possible the basic tendency of labor to seek power in its own name. But to step out with a labor party in this election would probably, in the presence of the reactionary fight on Mr. Roosevelt, and the rallying of the rank and file of the workers behind him, do little more than introduce an old minority—like the Socialists—under a new name. The leadership and the ammunition would be wasted in a futile sortie; the officers would charge while most of the privates remained in the trenches. If the new movement were weak, it would by its insignificance bring discredit on this sort of action. If it became stronger and actually endangered the victory of the President, or was thought to do so, it would split and embitter the rank and file. No one would deny that groups like the miners and the clothing workers are the most progressive and vigorous in the labor movement; yet it is these very groups who have benefited most from the New Deal and who most fear its defeat. Without their support a national labor party cannot become a reality, and they will not support it now.

In these circumstances, the problem of the responsible union leaders who are concerned about independent political action is to make the longest step forward that is possible without losing the rank and file and splitting their followers. Positive leadership is essential. In other campaigns (excluding only that of La Follette) the A.F. of L. has remained technically neutral, while the Democratic and Republican parties respectively formed their own labor committees, oiled with sufficient contributions from party headquarters. Thus organized labor has gone into the elections, not of its own motion, but tied to the apron strings of the old party nurses. To permit this to happen again—to let the worker-voters go to the polls, even though they went in large majority to support Mr. Roosevelt, as Democrats and Republicans rather than as union members following a labor policy, would sacrifice what gains were possible this year for an independent policy.

Labor's Nonpartisan League is the answer to the dilemma. It is, by its very name, not Democratic, but labor and nonpartisan. It is not financed by party funds and was not formed at party suggestion. Nor is it a temporary organization, called into being for this election alone. It slogan, "In 1936, Roosevelt for President," is significant of the intention to keep a free hand for 1938 and 1940. Local bodies will be formed in every state, and particularly those in which industry is strong, and which happen to be pivotal—such as New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. There is nothing in this program to prevent labor-party activists from pushing their own nominees for Congress, governorships or minor offices wherever they are strong enough to do so. And the more strength they are able to develop in such local elections, the better will be the chance that the national movement can be pushed into labor-party action in the future.

The fact that the League is nominally headed by Major George L. Berry, president of the Pressmen's Union, may dampen enthusiasm for it among labor activists. Mr. Berry, though an intelligent and able man, has never had any very radical ideas, and has played the role of the conventional labor politician in his own organization. He is now identified with the national administration as head of what is left of the N.R.A.—though he receives no salary in this position. But the League is not his personal property. John L. Lewis of the Miners, Sidney Hillman of the Clothing Workers and others of the more progressive officials are strongly supporting the new organization. Evidently, tactical considerations prompted the selection of a leader not closely identified with the advocates of either industrial or craft unionism in the current A.F. of L. controversy. The political movement would be weakened by appearing as an instrument of either side. Those qualified by neutrality in that dispute are not numerous or prominent enough to offer a wide choice.

This new instrument will be what labor makes of it. If it remains a paper organization, merely taking credit for the natural pro-Roosevelt sentiment of the rank and file, and cashing in on its existence by political appointment, it will be worse than useless. This sort of thing might better be left to those officials who normally accept positions on the partisan labor committees. But if it attracts a vigorous and aggressive membership throughout the country, committed to an independent political policy for labor, it may become the germ of more forthright action in the future.

Big Payments under the A.A.A.

SENATOR Arthur Vandenberg, whose ambition to be Republican presidential nominee is discussed by Jonathan Mitchell in this issue of The New Republic, recently introduced a resolution in the Senate Agriculture Committee requiring the A.A.A. to make public the names and addresses of all farmers who have received $10,000 or more in any one year through coöperating with the former production-control system. Senator Vandenberg, of course, was looking for Republican campaign ammunition, hoping to show that certain individuals had received very large checks. Secretary Wallace met this attack with a counter-offensive of his own. Without waiting for the Vandenberg resolution to be adopted, he issued a list of large payments made for reducing production. Three sugar companies have received about $1,000,000 each. A corporation farm raising hogs got $157,000. A cotton planter who is also an A.A.A. official received $123,000 one year, and $54,000 in another. Among more than 1,000,000 payments to cotton planters, 46 were above $10,000 and 227 were between

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$5,000 and $10,000. This money represented two percent of the total payments for cotton restriction.

It is probably true that publication of these figures will do the Roosevelt administration some harm, although there is no logical reason why it should. The payments were made on a unit basis and the big producer got no more per unit than did the small one. In the case of these large payments, Mr. Wallace says that if tenants or sharecroppers were involved, the government insisted on the proper division of the checks with these individuals—although everyone knows that these groups have suffered great hardship in the execution of the program as a whole. The Secretary properly says that critics of the A.A.A. should either tell us how to break up these huge farms or should say how production can be limited without their coöperation. He means, we assume, conservative critics like the Republicans, who support capitalism and must therefore approve of the general theory of turning a surplus into a scarcity. It is possible to criticize the policy of the A.A.A. from an entirely different point of view—but no such criticism will be heard from Senator Vandenberg and his allies.

A Beginning with Housing

SENATOR Wagner has at last introduced his long awaited bill providing federal assistance for slum clearance and low-cost housing. It calls for a four-year program in which federal money would be used primarily to assist local efforts. Outright grants might be made up to 45 percent of the cost, and loans could be arranged up to 55 percent. For the purpose of making grants, $51,000,000 would be appropriated in the first year, $75,000,000 in the second and $100,000,000 in the third. The loans would be financed by government bonds of which $100,000,000 would be issued in the first year and $150,000,000 in each of the next three. Senator Wagner points out that the entire amount would be less than was allocated for housing under the ill fated National Industrial Recovery Act and that the bond issue proposed is only one-fifth of that authorized for the Home Owners' Loan Corporation, and only one-tenth of the loans made by the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Senator Wagner's bill makes an obvious attempt to placate the real-estate interests. Its purpose is stated to be the encouragement of private housing for low-income families. Limited-dividend corporations would be aided and the United States Housing Authority that would be set up would work always, whenever possible, through state, city or other local agencies. Only where both private enterprise and local governmental authorities failed to take action would the federal government enter the field itself. Under these circumstances, however, it could build "federal demonstration projects in low-rent houses and slum clearance." The bill provides that such projects shall be sold to local agencies "as soon as possible" and may be leased to or administered by them even before this happens. Construction would be done by regular workers in the building trades and full union wages would be paid.

Past experience justifies much skepticism as to the ability of local authorities, public or private, to build the sort of housing for low-income groups that the Wagner bill contemplates. Private enterprise has never done this in the past and it is doubtful, to say the least, whether it will do so now even with government aid. In many states, a public housing authority is forbidden by law and in even more of them, both officials and public opinion are almost entirely unaware of the possibilities inherent in this device. Since, however, there is such strong opposition throughout the country to federal housing as such, and since our efforts in this direction during the past three years have been such a bitter disappointment, it is perhaps just as well that the Wagner bill begins by laying its emphasis upon local activity. If such activity does not appear, the United States Housing Authority can then enter the field, under this bill, and spend its money in its own way. It can also help coöperative groups organized for this especial purpose, a fact which, with the rapid growth of the consumers-coöperative movement, may become of great importance. Pressure from labor for better housing may, if this bill is passed, produce results.

It is easy for the friends of a real housing program in this country, similar to those in almost every European nation in the past fifteen years, to pick flaws in the Wagner bill. Our choice, however, is not between the Wagner bill and perfection, but between this bill and nothing at all. There is grave doubt whether President Roosevelt can be persuaded to give it his support, and whether it can be passed in an election year, even if he does. The American Federation of Labor has put itself on record, promptly and strongly, in favor of the proposal. Under the circumstances, we believe every friend of a real housing program should do everything in his power to see that the Wagner bill is passed.

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Almost Thirty

IN THE spring of 1917, when he wrote the following essay, John Reed felt little of the self-confidence that had carried him so buoyantly through the preceding decade. A serious operation—the removal of his left kidney—had been followed by the termination of his three years' employment by The Metropolitan Magazine, with whose editors he had quarreled over their war policy. The eminent position he had created for himself by his articles on Mexico, the World War and American labor struggles was crumbling. And at the same time the thing he had dreaded ever since August, 1914, had happened: the United States had been drawn into the War. All this gave him the sense, so strongly revealed in the essay, that an era of his life had ended, and led him to attempt the task of personal understanding and evaluation.

Precisely why the essay was not published I do not know. It remained with Reed's papers, until these were turned over by Louise Bryant to the Harvard Alumni John Reed Committee, by whose permission it is now printed. If it had appeared when it was written, what would chiefly have surprised one group of readers, those who still thought of him as a playboy, was Reed's seriousness. What would have surprised another group was the note of uncertainty, almost of despair. The truth is that Reed, on the one hand, had always been more reflective and somewhat less sure of himself than his conduct indicated, and, on the other, was even at this time by no means so inhibited in action by his doubts as a reader of the essay might be led to suppose, for all his energies were engaged in the struggle to prevent the declaration of war and, later, to mitigate the effects of militarism.

Yet Reed's skepticism was real enough, and its focal point is apparent: as a result of the collapse of the revolutionary movement in the War, he had lost his confidence in the working class. This is important, because, soon after "Almost Thirty" was finished, Reed went to Russia. No reader of "Ten Days That Shook the World" can doubt that the triumph of the revolution had overwhelming personal significance for Reed. Why this was so, "Almost Thirty" makes clear.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

I AM twenty-nine years old, and I know that this is the end of a part of my life, the end of youth. Sometimes it seems to me the end of the world's youth too; certainly the Great War has done something to us all. But it is also the beginning of a new phase of life; and the world we live in is so full of swift change and color and splendid and terrible possibilities of the time to come. The last ten years I've gone up and down the earth drinking in experience, fighting and loving, seeing and hearing and testing things. I've traveled all over Europe, and to the borders of the East, and down in Mexico, having adventures; seeing men killed and broken, victorious and laughing, men with visions and men with a sense of humor. I've watched civilization change and broaden and sweeten in my lifetime; and I've watched it wither and crumble in the red blast of war. And war I have seen, too, in the trenches, with the armies. I'm not quite sick of seeing yet, but soon I will be—I know that. My future life will not be what it has been. And so I want to stop a minute, and look back, and get my bearings.

A great deal of my boyhood was illness and physical weakness, and I was never really well until my sixteenth year. The beginning of my remembered life was a turmoil of imaginings—formless perceptions of beauty, which broke forth in voluminous verses, sensations of fear, of tenderness, of pain. Then came a period of intense emotion, in which I endowed certain girls with the attributes of Guinevere, and had a vision of Galahad and the Sangraal in the sky over the school football field; a furious energy drove me to all kinds of bodily and mental exercise, without any particular direction—except that I felt sure I was going to be a great poet and novelist. After that I was increasingly active and restless, more ambitious of place and power, less exalted, scattering myself in a hundred different directions; life became a beloved moving picture, thought about only in brilliant flashes, conceived as emotion and sensation. And now, almost thirty, some of that old superabundant vitality is gone, and with it the all-sufficient joy of mere living. A good many of my beliefs have got twisted by the Great War. I am weakened by a serious operation. Some things I think I have settled, but in other ways I am back where I started—a turmoil of imaginings.

I must find myself again. Some men seem to get their direction early, to grow naturally and with little change to the thing they are to be. I have no idea what I shall be or do one month from now. Whenever I have tried to become some one thing, I have failed; it is only by drifting with the wind that I have found myself, and plunged joyously into a new role. I have discovered that I am only happy when I'm working hard at something I like. I never stuck long at anything I didn't like, and now I couldn't if I wanted to; on the other hand, there are very few things I don't get some fun out of, if only the novelty of experience. I love people, ex-

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cept the well fed smug, and am interested in all new things and all the beautiful old things they do. I love beauty and chance and change, but less now in the external world and more in my mind. I suppose I'll always be a Romanticist.

From the very beginning my excitable imagination fed on fantasy. I still remember my grandfather's house, where I was born—a lordly gray mansion modeled on a French chateau, with its immense park, its formal gardens, lawns, stables, greenhouses and glass grape-arbor, the tame deer among the trees. All that remains to me of my grandfather is his majestic height, his long slim fingers and the polished courtesy of his manners. He had come around the Horn in a sailing ship when the West Coast was the wild frontier, made his pile and lived with Russian lavishness. Portland was less than thirty years old, a little town carved out of the Oregon forests, with streets deep in mud and the wilderness coming down close around it. Through this my grandfather drove his blooded horses to his smart carriages, imported from the East—and from Europe—with liveried coachmen and footmen on the box. The lawn terrace below the house was surrounded on three sides by great fir trees, up whose sides ran gas-pipes grown over with bark; on summer evenings canvas was laid on the turf, and people danced, illuminated by flaming jets of gas which seemed to spout from the trees. There was something fantastic in all that.

In 1909 John Reed was cheer leader for the Harvard football team of which Hamilton Fish Jr. was captain. In 1910 Reed sailed for Europe on a cattle boat (see

Then we were poor, living in a little house down in the town, with a crowd of gay young people around my gay young father and mother. My head was full of fairy stories and tales of giants, witches and dragons, and I invented a monster called Hormuz, who lived in the woods behind the town and devoured little children—with which I terrified the small boys and girls of the neighborhood and incidentally myself. Almost all the servants in those days were Chinese, who stayed for years, at last getting to be almost members of the family. They brought ghosts and superstitions into the house, and the tang of bloody feuds among themselves, idols and foods and drinks, strange customs and ceremonies; half-affectionate, half-contemptuous, wholly independent, and withal outlandish, they have left me a memory of pig-tails and gongs and fluttering red paper. And there was my uncle, a romantic figure who played at coffee-planting in Central America, mixed in revolutions, and sometimes blew in, tanned and bearded and speaking "spigotty" like a *mestizo*. Once the tale ran that he had helped to lead a revolution that captured Guatemala for a few brief days, and was made Secretary of State; the first thing he did was to appropriate the funds of the National Treasury to give a grand state ball, and then he declared war on the German Empire—because he had flunked his German course in college. Later he went out to the Philippines as a volunteer in the Spanish War—and the tale of how he was made King of Guam is still told with shouts of mirth by the veterans of the Second Oregon.

My mother, who has always encouraged me in the things I wanted to do, taught me to read. I don't know when that was, but I remember the orgy of books I plunged into. History was my passion, kings strutting about and the armored ranks of men-at-arms clashing forward in close ranks against a hail of cloth-yard shafts; but I was equally enamored of Mark Twain, and Bill Nye, and Blackmore's "Lorna Doone," and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and "The Arabian Nights," and the "Tales of the Round Table." What I didn't understand, my imagination interpreted. At the age of nine I began to write a Comic History of the United States—after Bill Nye—and I think it was then I made up my mind to be a writer.

About that time we moved to an apartment hotel, and I went to school. Those first few years of school stimulated my ambition to learn; but since then the curricula of schools and colleges have meant little to me. I've always been an indifferent student, to say the least, except when some subject like elementary chemistry, or English poetry, or

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sonality of some great teacher, like Professor Copeland of Harvard. Why should I have been interested in the stupid education of our time? We take young soaring imaginations, consumed with curiosity about the life they see all around, and feed them with dead technique: the flawless purity of Washington, Lincoln's humdrum chivalry, our dull and virtuous history and England's honest glory; Addison's graceful style as an essayist, Goldsmith celebrating the rural clergy of the eighteenth century, Dr. Johnson at his most vapid, and George Eliot's "Silas Marner"; Macauley, and the sonorous oratings of Edmund Burke; and in Latin, Caesar's Gallic guide-book, and Cicero's mouthings about Roman politics. And the teachers! Men and women—usually women—whose chief qualification is that they can plough steadily through a dull round of dates, acts, half-truths and rules for style, without questioning, without interpreting and without seeing how ridiculously unlike the world their teachings are. I have forgotten most of it, forced on me before I was ready; what I do know came mostly from books I had the curiosity to read outside school hours. And many fine things I have had to force myself to explore again, because school once spoiled them for me.

But in going to school I first entered the world of my fellows, and the social experience meant more and more to me until it almost crowded out the study side altogether. I can still see the school playground full of running and shouting and clamoring boys, and feel as I felt then when they stopped here and there to look at me, a new boy, with curious and insolent eyes. I was small though, and not very well, and at the beginning I didn't mix much with them. . . . But after school was out there were great doings, which were too exciting to keep out of. The town was divided into districts, ruled over by gangs of boys in a constant state of fierce warfare. I belonged to the Fourteenth Street gang, whose chief was a tall, curly-headed Irish boy who lived across the street—he is now a policeman. My best friend could make sounds like a bugle, and he was trumpeter. Standing in the middle of the street he would blow, and in a minute boys would come swarming to him, tearing up lawns and making mud-balls as they came. Then we'd go running and shouting up the hill to give battle to the Montgomery Street gang, or beat off their attack. . . . And there were the wooded hills behind the town, where Indians and bears and outlaws might be lurking to be trailed by our scouts and Robin Hoods.

Both my mother's parents and my father came from upper New York State, and and when I was ten years old my mother and my brother and I went East to visit them. We spent a summer month at Plymouth, Massachusetts, visited New York (I still remember the awful summer heat, the vermin in our boarding-house and the steam-engines

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the "Maine" blew up and the first volunteers left for the Spanish War.

Then I was back in Portland, in a new house, settling into the life of school and play. We had a theatre in our attic, where we acted our own plays, and we built scenic railways in the yard, and log cabins in the woods back of town. I had a number of highly colored schemes for getting adventure and wealth at the same time. For instance, I once began to dig a tunnel from our house to school, about a mile away; we were going to steal two sheep and hide them in the tunnel, and these two sheep were going to have children, and so on, until a large flock had gathered—then we'd sell them. My brother and I had a pony, and we went on camping trips back in the woods, and sailing and swimming and camping up the Willamette River. I began to write poetry, too, and read voraciously everything I could get hold of, from Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" and Marie Corelli, to Scott and Stevenson and Sir Thomas Malory.

But with all this I wasn't entirely happy. I was often ill. Outside of a few friend

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enough to be good at athletics—except swimming, which I have always loved; and I was a good deal of a physical coward. I would sneak out over the back fence to avoid boys who were "laying" for me, or who I thought were "laying" for me. Sometimes I fought, when I couldn't help myself, and sometimes even won; but I preferred to be called a coward than fight. I hated pain. My imagination conjured up horrible things that would happen to me, and I simply ran away. One time, when I was on the editorial board of the school paper, a boy I was afraid of warned me not to publish a joking paragraph I had written about him—and I didn't . . . My way to school lay through a sort of slum district, called Goose Hollow, peopled with brutal Irish boys, many of whom grew up to be prize-fighters and baseball stars. I was literally frightened out of my senses when I went through Goose Hollow. Once a Goose Hollowite made me promise to give him a nickel if he didn't hit me, and walked up to my house with me while I got it for him . . . The strange thing was that when I was cornered, and fought, even a licking wasn't a hundredth as bad as I thought it would be; but I never learned anything from that—the next time I ran away just the same, and suffered the most ghastly pangs of fear.

I wasn't much good at the things other boys were, and their codes of honor and conduct didn't hold me. They felt it, too, and had a sort of good-natured contempt for me. I was neither one thing nor the other, neither altogether coward nor brave, neither manly nor sissified, neither ashamed nor unashamed. I think that is why my impression of my boyhood is an unhappy one, and why I have so few close friends in Portland, and why I don't want ever again to live there.

It must have disappointed my father that I was like that, though he never said much about it. He was a great fighter, one of the first of the little band of political insurgents who were afterwards, as the Progressive Party, to give expression to the new social conscience of the American middle class. His terrible slashing wit, his fine scorn of stupidity and cowardice and littleness, made him many enemies, who never dared attack him to his face, but fought him secretly, and were glad when he died. As United States Marshal under Roosevelt, it was he who, with Francis J. Heney and Lincoln Steffens, smashed the Oregon Land Fraud Ring; which was a brave thing to do in Oregon then. I remember him and Heney in the Marshal's office guying William J. Burns, the detective on the case, for his Hawkshaw make-up and his ridiculous melodramatics. In 1910 a man came around to browbeat my father into contributing to the Republican campaign fund, and he kicked the collector down the courthouse stairs—and was removed from the marshalship by President Taft. Afterward he ran for Congress, but lost out by a slim margin, mainly because he came East to see me graduate from college

When I was sixteen I went East to a New Jersey boarding school, and then to Harvard College, and afterward to Europe for a year's travel; and my brother followed me through college. We never knew until later how much our mother and father denied themselves that we might go, and how he poured out his life that we might live like rich men's sons. He and mother always gave us more than we asked, in freedom and understanding as well as material things. And on the day my brother graduated from college, he broke under the terrible effort, and died a few weeks later. It has always seemed to me bitter irony that he couldn't have lived to see my little success. He was always more like a wise, kind friend than a father.

Boarding school, I think, meant more to me than anything in my boyhood. Among these strange boys I came as a stranger, and I soon found out that they were willing to accept me at my own value. I was in fine health. The ordered life of the community interested me; I was impressed by its traditional customs and dignities, school patriotism, and the sense of a long settled and established civilization, so different from the raw, pretentious West. My stories and verses were published in the school paper; I played football, and ran the quarter-mile, with very good average success; I had a fight or two, and stuck it out. There were perilous adventures, too, when a few of us stole down the fire escapes at night and went to country dances, slipping back to bed in the dormitory at dawn. With the school social butterflies, I "fussed" girls in the town, and was not laughed at. Busy, happy, with lots of friends, I expanded into self-confidence. So without trying I found myself; and since then I have never been very much afraid of men.

JOHN REED.

The remainder of John Reed's essay will be published in an early issue.—THE EDITORS.

The Terror and the Glory

Let blood in its brief course
Resolve that men shall see
The heritage of man,
The dignity.

The heritage of blood is long,
Blood's course is brief;
No generation's madness
Passes belief.

A generation's men might die,
(The blood remembers that they can)
And not have known at all
That they were man.

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Stalin as Ikon[1]

THE Physcultur Parade, one of the three great demonstrations of the year, the other two being the May Day Parade and the anniversary of the October Revolution. The Arcade Building opposite the Kremlin is hung with great faces of Lenin and Stalin and with pictures of runners and hurdlers so crude that they would disgrace an American billboard. The slogan, "Ready for Labor and Defense!"

The whole thing was quite different and more impressive than any American parade I had ever seen. For one thing, more people take part: there were a hundred and fifteen thousand men, women and children, and it took them six hours to file by or perform before the reviewing stand. They all wore white shorts and white athletic shoes and socks and all had short round legs, and at a distance it was almost impossible to tell the women and the men apart. The principal colors were red, white and blue, with occasional variations of yellow and green, and the costumes, which were perfectly simple, had been designed with excellent taste. A band which seemed as big as a regiment played the same simple march from the film "Merry Fellows" over and over again.

They began with "The International." Before the little lined-up round legs, a plain black car smoothly passes: in it are the head of Physcultur, standing up with his arm raised in salute, and Stalin and two other officials, dressed in plain white suits. A cheer like a wave goes around the Square.

Then the parade begins to pass. To an American, it seems a little comic to have a sports parade on this scale, or indeed to have a sports parade at all. We take tennis and basketball and bicycling and swimming and shooting for granted. It seems to us we have always been doing these things. But the Russians have only just got them. Before, under the old regime, they were pastimes of the privileged classes. And it is only since the Revolution, with the foundation of proletarian athletic clubs, that the people have been able to get sports equipment. What a novelty sport still is may be judged from the proportion of the number of the paraders, the complete personnel of the sports clubs, to the Moscow population of four million.

So that the young people have arranged, in all solemnity, a procession of extraordinary floats glorifying the various sports. They show you an example of almost everything going on before your eyes on a float: a tennis match on a moving court, with the balls shooting off on to the pavement; an imitation mountain top being scaled by mountain-climbers; a boxing match; a football game; battalions of bicycle riders; tumblers who turn over in wheels; a diver who dives into a tarpaulin; sharp shooters taking aim under difficulties and hunters bringing down stuffed birds; and, most sensational of all, a miniature inclined track with people running up and down it, as it is slowly wheeled along. Men and girls posed in niches or carried, standing upright, by the legs, in awkward and unsteady postures. An enormous boxing glove that marches and flops in an uncanny manner to the rhythm of the men who are carrying it, like one of the dolls in the Macy's parade.—Portrait after portrait of Stalin, with, only rarely, one of somebody else; "Long live Comrade Stalin, best friend of Physcultur!" "Thanks to Comrade Stalin for the good life!"

There passes a detachment of men with shaved heads, fixed bayonets and bare chests. It begins to dawn upon you that this is really a preparedness demonstration: "Ready for Labor and Defense." A fleet of airplanes appear, flying in a formation which spells "Stalin." Black beelike bombing planes swoop and zoom, menacing, loud and dynamic—then hurtle off to specks in space.

A boy goes up in a silver balloon and drops parachutes with wreaths of flowers.

Yet the effect of this is never comic, as our American parades often are. It is too simple, too genuine—and too powerful. As the minute-hand goes round the Kremlin clock and the clubs keep on marching past with unabated earnestness and vigor, the impression becomes overwhelming. It remained with me all the rest of the day. Even while I was having dinner with friends and when I went out to the *dacha* in the evening, those thick round bare legs in shorts were still marching on through my mind.

I didn't stay to the very end. After the parade proper, there were physcultur mass dances in front of the official stand. I learned afterwards that the great final feature was the emergence from something or other of a gigantic portrait of Stalin.

Everybody had to stand up through the entire afternoon. That was why I left after four hours. There were ramps in the stands that you could sit on; but as soon as anybody attempted to, he was smilingly admonished by a militiaman that it was not polite to do that.

I asked several Russians why this was—they were not enjoying it any more than the tourists—and they said that they didn't know: it hadn't used to be like that. Finally, a Russian told me that it was because nobody was allowed to sit down while Stalin was standing up.

And the whole thing, from the point of view of the spectators, was very much less democratic than any American parade. There

[1] This is the third of a series of articles on the Soviet Union.—THE EDITORS.

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one side of Red Square, and these, by American estimates, had room for many more people than were in them. Nobody was admitted to the Square who did not have a ticket for the stands, and, as the parade took place entirely inside the Square, nobody else really saw it. Apparently the only persons who are privileged to assist at these big demonstrations are Communists, near-Communists and foreign visitors. Many of the people I knew in Moscow, in spite of repeated applications, had never seen even a May Day celebration and envied the fortunate tourist.

The whole thing is an apotheosis of Stalin on a scale which makes our poor patient Presidents, standing bareheaded in the raw March winds, with their silk hats held before them in their hands, while other people sit comfortably with their hats on, seem the humblest of public servants.

This glorification of Stalin is undoubtedly one of the things in Russia which affects an American most unpleasantly. The paper comes out almost every day with a photograph of Stalin on the front page, either standing with a distinguished visitor or, if there is no distinguished visitor, visiting somebody or something himself; and every speech and important public document ends with a tribute to Stalin, like the prayer at the end of a sermon. Stalin is plastered all over the place, and even genuinely popular public figures such as Litvinov and Voroshilov are such a long way behind him that they seem scarcely to belong to the same race.

When I spoke of this to a Russian, I was told that Stalin himself did not like it. And since I have been back, I have heard the same opinion expressed by a Russian who was anti-Stalinist: "The situation is so tense," he said, "that they have to have an ikon." It is unquestionably true that this relation between Stalin and his public is reciprocal. An American in Russia who has been here long enough to take for granted the features which at first aroused his enthusiasm: the natural manners, the throwing open of everything to the people—is likely, as time goes on, to begin to find himself repelled by what seems to him the cold-blooded manipulation of the people by the governing power. He may have left the United States with a conviction that his countrymen, who keep up with the Joneses and believe what they read in the Hearst papers, are a conformist and credulous people; but, when he has had a chance to observe what seems to him the docility and timidity of the Russians, he decides that his countrymen, by comparison, are critical and self-reliant. And his instinct is to resent the brazenness with which it seems to him the Stalin administration propagandizes and dragoons the people while always formulating its policies in some such language as, "The indignant proletariat demand the execution of so-and-so," or "The victorious proletariat express their gratitude to Comrade Stalin for doing so-and-so." The American is to himself—as, indeed, he remembers unpleasantly, it *was* at the time of the War.

Yet this impression misrepresents what is happening. This is not the United States, and the people involved are different from us. The Russians, before the Revolution, had had a paternalistic government for centuries; they had no democratic institutions: the dumas were the dolls of the Tsar. Remember that before the Revolution, 80 percent of the Russians were illiterate. Remember that there are among these masses who march in a Physcultur parade, men who have changed their names from Svinukhin and Sobakin to Novy and Partisanov in order to destroy the memory of the time when their great-grandfathers and their grandfathers were exchanged for pigs and dogs, and to establish the mere human dignity which has been brought them by the Revolution. The dictatorship of such a proletariat inevitably results in a state of things where the proletarians, though the favored class, are dictated to by a governing group. The Russian proletarians and peasants are educating themselves with avidity and have now, it is said, almost reversed the old illiteracy figures. And they are taking most seriously their new duties of citizenship. But how can people who have just learned to read be expected to criticize the press? And how can they be expected to develop political institutions which have taken the Western peoples centuries? In the meantime, for all their efforts of progress, there is always the tendency to lapse back into their earlier relation to the Little Father. Even if old Bolshevik Stalin had not wanted to be Stalin apotheosized, the people would have tried to invent him. Remember that Lenin at the present time is appearing in person like any saint to the more primitive inhabitants of the Union, and that the reason why the visitors to his tomb are kept so rapidly moving is alleged to be the anxiety of the authorities to avert possible miraculous cures. One has only to attend some great public demonstration like the Physcultur parade, or even to go to a popular play which has been written to illustrate some new policy and to hear the loud bursts of applause, to be convinced that the relation between Stalin and his proletarian public is very close and strong. They not only fear Stalin: they trust him to see them through. There seems a real identification of will between Stalin and a central element of the people in whose name he speaks.

Admitting this, however, and with all respect for Stalin's abilities: his energy, his positiveness, his shrewdness, his adamantine adherence to his Marxism, with all appreciation of his cardinal importance in Europe at the present time, is it wise for him to allow this deification to be carried so far as it is? It is true at the present time in Russia not only that the name of Stalin cannot except furtively be taken in jest—when the radical caricaturist Will Low drew a picture of Stalin in the dust, the Russian who was with him smeared it out—but that there seems

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utter it at all, like the unpronounceable name of God with the Jews. People resort to circumlocutions, just as they refer to Mussolini as *"Lui."* On one occasion, when I was talking with a Russian in the streets of a country town, he began saying something about "our big man—I don't want to say his name." I was prepared for some sinister revelation, but it turned that he was only going to cite with approval something that Stalin had said in his interview with H. G. Wells. I suppose that the trouble was that he was afraid to be heard talking about Stalin to a foreigner in a foreign language. But, after all, as Van Loon has reminded us, Frederick the Great, that feudal autocrat, when informed that a poster he was trying to read was a satire directed against himself, walked on, merely remarking that they ought to have hung it lower. And I got the impression, although no one would admit it openly, that most intelligent Russians, however loyal, were a little bit ashamed of what had happened. I have heard a Russian, unaware of a foreign presence, groan to another Russian when he was handed the morning paper and confronted with the inevitable cap and mustache.

This cult has nothing to do with Marxism and is not justified by a socialist dictatorship. Marxism regards the ruler as the human, and hence fallible, representative of the interests of certain human beings. Marxism, by definition, is irreverent toward persons in authority. Lenin was irreverent toward himself in the sense that he took himself seriously only as the agent of the revolutionary cause. He cared nothing about power for its own sake; nothing about admiration. He always acknowledged and lamented his human errors of judgment. One cannot imagine Lenin, for all the popular devotion he commanded, playing a role like that of Stalin—a role which gives constant encouragement to the people who want to make it out that the Soviets are the same thing as Mussolini, and which invites the fate of Aristides. As the Russians become better educated and more capable of thinking for themselves, how are the young people going to react to the ikon?

This relation of the people to the dictatorship is the core of the whole Russian question and must be faced and honestly dealt with by any advocate of socialism in America. It seems to me obviously impossible that a socialist government in the United States should resemble the state of things in Russia; and it is totally unrealistic for either the opponents or the champions of socialism to talk as if socialism would mean for us the naïvetés of a Stalin regime. We have in the United States some miserable and illiterate groups; but we have in general no such feudal peasantry and no such primitive proletariat as Russia. The farmers and working men and women, the disillusioned middle class and the radicalized executives and experts, who would have to put over socialism in America, would no more, in their political relations, resemble the Stalinist Communists and their Stalin-adoring constituents than they would be holding [illegible] because the purpose of celebrating the bicycle, the basketball and the tennis-racket. In spite of much corruption and many idiocies, we have certainly learned something about self-government, just as we have learned outdoor sports. Let us hope that we have no need to fear the feudal elements of Russian socialism any more than we need fear the feudal elements of German and Italian fascism.

A curious incident illustrated—unconsciously on the part of the persons involved—the attitude of the Russians toward Stalin.

I had gone to the apartment of Russian friends and was talking after dinner with the husband. He was telling me about the tsars. He thought that Ivan the Terrible was too pathological to be interesting. "But the people are supposed to have loved him," I said. "Russian-like," he replied, "the ones who survived were grateful, because he'd spared their lives. They thought he was an able man—a little bit strong, perhaps!—but an able administrator. And the people he'd imprisoned and tortured and killed weren't there to object." Then he went on to Peter the Great, whom he admired. He told me how Peter had set out to do away with the old Russian beards. "He would wait for them to come along, and then when he would see one, he would say, 'Ah-ha!' and he would make the man come in and he would shave it off himself. You can imagine an ordinary ruler cutitng off *one* beard to make an example; but Peter worked at it for two or three months! He thought that all the old Russian traditions were nesting in those big beards.—That's a strange thing," he added, "which could happen only in Russia: that the word of one man could regulate the habits and thoughts of a whole people!"

In the meantime, the wife had gone to sleep on the couch and when we had finished this conversation, she woke up. "I just dreamt," she said, "that Stalin and Kaganovitch came up the stairs here and came to our apartment. I was terribly frightened! —but Stalin patted me on the shoulder, like this, and smiled."

Nobody approves more heartily of the more ruthless policies of the government than P——, a young American living in Moscow. The very thought of the rebellious kulaks makes him furious: they had "mutinied," he says, and they "had to be taught a lesson." When Yenukidze fell out of favor, P—— declared that what they ought to do was "put a little lead poison in his food." Of another young American, the son of an engineer, who has never fitted in in Moscow, he says with strong disapproval that "he always goes around by himself, doesn't talk to anybody, hasn't any friends: he's a regular Trotskyite!" If anyone expresses notions which seem to him to be out of step, he cries, "Let's have a necktie party!"—P——'s family are always kidding him, and are rather troubled about him, because he has never had a girl.

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Vandenberg, the Man with a Mummy

ARTHUR H. VANDENBERG was one of the very few Republican Senators to be reëlected in the face of the Democratic upsurge of 1934. Automatically this made him a potential candidate for the presidency. It also prompted the observation from Senator Joseph T. Robinson: "As a Democrat, I am enthusiastically for that, and may I suggest as a fitting campaign slogan, 'Vacuity, Vacillation and Vandenberg?'"

The phrase is cruelly unfair to Mr. Vandenberg. Whatever may be said about him, he is not vacuous or vacillating. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that he is a puzzle to many of his senatorial colleagues. He supported the bank-deposit-insurance act, the stock-exchange act, the social-security act—three primary administration measures—and he has repeatedly urged that a Democratic-Republican coalition be set up in Congress. Despite this, he has attacked Mr. Roosevelt and the New Dealers unremittingly and with great earnestness. His favorite comparisons for Mr. Roosevelt are Louis XIV of France and George III of England.

In talking about himself, Vandenberg has the reticence of his Pennsylvania-Dutch ancestry, which at times almost amounts to shyness. Probably the best clue to his personality is his three books on Alexander Hamilton. The first of these, "The Greatest American," published in 1921, is a literary oddity. Vandenberg was at that time editor of The Grand Rapids (Michigan) Herald. He sent out a questionnaire to nearly every prominent person in the country, asking them who, in their estimation, was the greatest American. To his apparent consternation, nearly everyone chose either Washington or Lincoln. Only two named Hamilton, Mrs. Atherton (who had written a novel based on him) and the late Ambassador Herrick. Some obscure sense of honor prevented Vandenberg from suppressing these letters. The first third of the book, consequently, is filled with excessively dull tributes to Washington and Lincoln, with scattered bouquets for Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt. But this duty done, Vandenberg springs into action with tigerish energy. All these people are wrong, he says, the greatest American is Hamilton.

"I . . . nominate," Vandenberg writes, "the Master Builder of indissoluble Union, the Gladiator who saved the Constitution, the Founder of American Public Credit, the Architect of Policies and Institutions, the inspired Oracle of sound American Purpose and Necessity, the Intrepid Soldier, the Great Economist, the Most Brilliant Author, the Most Fascinating Orator and the Most Formidable Legal Luminary of his time. . . ." (The excessive capitalization, you gather, is to impart a

Nowadays, the mention of "The Greatest American" embarrasses Vandenberg. In defense, he pleads his youth at the time the book was written. He cannot recall how he came to be attracted to Hamilton. As a very small child, he remembers reading everything he could lay hands on about the founding fathers, and having a feeling of "burning injustice" at the relative lack of praise that Hamilton was accorded. In point of fact, Vandenberg was not particularly youthful when "The Greatest American" appeared. He was thirty-seven, editor of a small-city newspaper, and former member of the Republican central committee of Michigan. For his feeling of "burning injustice" to have stayed with him into early middle life must mean that Hamilton was of great significance to him.

Most young male children, of course, attach their affections to Indian-fighters, inventors, and baseball-players rather than to dead statesmen. But in any case, it must be rare for a child to fix on Hamilton. The other founding fathers are all benevolent fellows, filled with a love of democracy and esteem for the common people. But with Hamilton, a child comes up against: "Your People, sir, is a Great Beast," which must seem a queer sort of belief for a founding father.

In "The Greatest American," however, it is clear that Vandenberg made Hamilton into quite another symbol. For him, Hamilton was the poor, friendless boy who made good. The hatred of democracy usually associated with Hamilton is glossed over. What interests Vandenberg is that Hamilton arrived alone in New York at the age of fifteen, and advanced to a dominant position in American life with precocious, and seemingly miraculous, ease.

By an apparent coincidence, you find that Vandenberg's father lost his money in the depression of 1893, and that Vandenberg himself, when he was only nine, had to start helping support himself and his family. Like the young Hamilton, he was ambitious, and managed to obtain a high-school education and enroll in the University of Michigan law school. However, his law studies, added to his other responsibilities, proved to be too great, and he was forced to fall back on a job with The Grand Rapids Herald, where he had previously worked part-time. Incidentally, a fellow cub reporter was Colonel Frank Knox, now one of his rivals for the Republican presidential nomination.

Vandenberg very rapidly became The Herald's editor, an achievement that, for many young men, might have ranked as success. But apparently Vandenberg was dissatisfied; certainly this was not

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thirty helped draft the Constitution, and was Secretary of the Treasury and leader of the Federalist Party at thirty-two. He churned with ideas about the way America ought to be governed, but he also seems to have been beset with quite rational fears that the voice of a small-city Michigan editor would not be listened to by the nation.

In his second book, "If Hamilton Were Here Today," published in 1923, Vandenberg overcomes these self-doubts in an original way. Somewhat surprisingly, you find that Hamilton has strong opinions on the railway shopmen's strike and the miners' strike, both of which had then just occurred, on the Herrin, Illinois, massacre, and on Governor Henry J. Allen's Kansas industrial courts. Hamilton also passionately disapproved of the then impending presidential candidacy of the elder La Follette, which Hamilton regards as leading to "ELECTIVE DESPOTISM" (Vandenberg's capitals). In much the same manner, Mr. Harry Leon Wilson's Bunker Bean, once he had possessed himself of his ancestral Egyptian mummy, began to speak out in authoritative tones.

The third of Vandenberg's books, "The Trail of a Tradition," 1926, is far more self-assured than its two predecessors. It is a straightforward account of American foreign policy from Washington to Harding, stressing the country's tendency towards isolation, and Hamilton is appealed to no oftener than once every two or three pages, instead of in every paragraph. It was about this time that Vandenberg was recognized in Michigan as a leading thinker and statesman. In March, 1928, he was appointed to a vacancy in the Senate and was elected the following November.

Vandenberg says that he still reads The Federalist once a year, as an incomparable storehouse of wisdom and inspiration. The proposal of his to attract most attention—that for a Democratic-Republican coalition—was borrowed from Washington's first administration, of which Hamilton and Jefferson were both members. Vandenberg perceived a close parallel between the perils besetting the country in 1789 and those besetting it in March, 1933, and apparently considered it incomprehensible, even impious, that similar political measures were not resorted to. It is also possible that he saw himself, under a coalition, having a brilliant part in the nation's reconstruction.

In the last year, however, his concept of a coalition has changed. He originally wanted Republicans and Democrats to coöperate under Mr. Roosevelt's impartial leadership, as Hamilton and Jefferson coöperated under Washington's. Now, however, he proposes that the Republicans and Democratic reactionaries coöperate in opposing what he regards as the un-American tendencies of the New Deal. Shifting from 1789 to 1801, he points out that Hamilton joined with Jefferson to keep the presidency away from Aaron Burr, whom both suspected of dictatorial ambitions. In the present instance, Aaron Burr is Mr. Roosevelt.

Vandenberg is a big man, with rugged features, particularly a great, bulging brow. During Senate inquiries, his rimless spectacles, his quizzical glance, his trick of shrouding the lower half of his face with his hand, and his extreme patience in questioning witnesses, often create the feeling of an extraordinarily wise, kindly professor. During the Senate munitions investigation, which, in part, touched on the subject matter of his "The Trail of a Tradition," he provoked many learned discussions. In the Senate chamber, he occasionally paces slowly to and fro behind his colleagues' seats with a determined appearance of profound thought. A historian, and old newspaper writer, he has a love of the right word, although sometimes his love is unrequited. Samples of his phrase-making are "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde-Park," and "the supporters of the New Ordeal." "Untied Hates" is what the United States would be without the Supreme Court. He is married, and has a son and two daughters.

Although he has fought nearly all of Mr. Roosevelt's measures, Vandenberg has expressed sympathy with many of the Rooseveltian ideals of social betterment. There have been reports that this mildness on Vandenberg's part has caused certain Eastern business men to suspect him of being a liberal. In my opinion, this accusation is baseless. Vandenberg differs from the majority of his Republican colleagues by being extremely intelligent. He knows that conservatism can never win through a program of blank opposition. He is the analogue of a common type in English politics, the Young Tory—who, by the sagacious enactment of social legislation, has again and again checked the drive of the English workers for power.

Vandenberg occupies a highly advantageous place in the contest for the Republican presidential nomination. During the present session, by his attack on the Passamaquoddy and Florida ship-canal projects, and on political jobbery in the W.P.A., and by his ingenious attempts to show that the highest A.A.A. payments have gone to grasping farm corporations, he has made himself the admitted spokesman for the Senate Republicans. He has sedulously kept out of the row between the Republican National Committee and Senator Borah; all factions of the party like and respect him. He has an almost proprietary interest in the Constitution, which most Republicans want to make the chief issue of the campaign. If the country is foredoomed to have a Tory President for the next four years, it would be an interesting experiment to have a man who, besides considerable native gifts of his own, has one of the founding fathers as an ever present, infallible assistant.

JONATHAN MITCHELL.

This is the fourth of a series of articles discussing possible Republican presidential nominees.—THE EDITORS.

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Washington Notes

Economizing on the Farm Program—No Money for the P.W.A.—Mr. Swanson Is Worried —A Break for Munitions Makers

MR. ROOSEVELT'S apparent determination to keep down the budget deficit is rapidly changing the face of the New Deal. In varying degrees, the spenders of the Cabinet—Messrs. Wallace, Ickes, Dern and Swanson—are apprehensive and angry. Alone among high administration officials, Mr. Hopkins is relatively unworried.

The chief victim of Mr. Roosevelt's recent zeal for economy is Mr. Wallace. I learn that the first estimates prepared by the Department of Agriculture for the administration of the Soil Conservation Act ran as high as a billion and a half. When the estimates reached Mr. Roosevelt, however, they were ruthlessly cut to $440,000,000. In the eyes of important A.A.A. officials, the new farm program was then and there murdered.

The $440,000,000 allotted the A.A.A. will be increased by about $30,000,000 from customs duties, making a probable total of $470,000,000. (The legal title of the A.A.A. is still the A.A.A., although an attempt has been made to rechristen it the Scada, from the Soil Conservation and Domestic Allotment Act, which it now administers.) Even to a layman, this sum seems hopelessly inadequate. It is approximately equal to the 1935 benefit payments, which were admittedly insufficient to bring about restriction of cotton without the coercive penalties of the Bankhead law.

Worse still, the 1935 benefit payments were paid only to about 4,000,000 farmers, those engaged in raising a relatively few major crops. All farmers are eligible for soil-conservation money, about 6,300,000 of them—including cattle and sheep ranchers, dairy farmers, poultry-raisers, truck gardeners, none of whom ever before received A.A.A. checks. It is almost certain, therefore, that individual payments for the coming crop year will be materially less than in 1935.

The extreme unlikelihood of obtaining coöperation under the new program, I am informed, was the reason for Mr. Chester Davis' abrupt departure for a holiday in Europe. When Mr. Roosevelt refused to grant increased funds, he was on the point of quitting the administration. He was persuaded to remain, however, and if his old chief, Mr. Peek, campaigns in the farm states on behalf of the Republican candidate, Mr. Davis will be sent to campaign on behalf of Mr. Roosevelt.

Oddly enough, although the new farm program is probably headed for comparative failure, Mr. Roosevelt's prospects of victory in the farm states remain undimmed. In the cast of wheat, the carry-over has been brought down to the lowest point in years. Even if farmers generally fail to coöperate in the new program, the price of wheat could very easily remain high. If there should be exceptionally fine growing weather, and a bumper crop, Mr. Wallace's "ever-normal granary" can be resorted to. This is a scheme by which farmers are rewarded for storing wheat on their farms. Mr. Wallace has said that he would not approve the use of the "ever-normal granary" without stringent production control. He is unquestionably sincere, but he would almost certainly be overruled by Mr. Roosevelt. It is impossible to believe that Mr. Roosevelt would deliberately sacrifice reëlection for the sake of economic orthodoxy.

In the case of cotton, the administration still has the power to grant loans to growers through the Commodity Credit Corporation. In this way it can peg the price at whatever level it pleases, as it has already done in the last two crop years. Many A.A.A. experts fear that corn may drop in price next autumn, but they are serenely confident about hogs. Thanks in part to the slaughter of piglets two years ago, and in part to the great drought, the number of sows has been reduced to a point where, no matter how seriously they take the duties of motherhood, they cannot break the price for another eighteen months.

Mr. Ickes, of course, has conspicuously failed to obtain money from Mr. Roosevelt on previous occasions. But P.W.A. officials find it especially cruel that they are to receive nothing from the new relief appropriations. Right now they are in the middle of their second program, and, in their own opinion, at the top of their efficiency and usefulness. With apparent justification, they say that P.W.A. orders prevented the normal March decline in steel production and are the cause of the general quickening in the construction-materials industries. They admit that the original P.W.A. program, begun in 1933, suffered from lack of advance planning and administrative mistakes. But they protest that the present program, authorized last December, is turning out to be one of the most brilliant economic maneuvers ever conducted by a capitalist government.

The argument advanced by several P.W.A. advocates is, I think, worth recording. Mr. Roosevelt may win next fall's election, but—so the argument runs—if he cannot reduce unemployment by at least one-half, from 10,000,000 to 5,000,000, he will lose the congressional elections of 1938, and by 1940 will be as wholeheartedly execrated as Mr. Hoover was in 1932. At the beginning of his administration, he perhaps might have intervened in industry to force lower prices and increased production. If he had found his way barred by the Supreme Court, he might have successfully challenged its power. These things are no longer politically conceivable. Mr. Roosevelt's fate is in the hands of the great private employers of labor. The P.W.A. program, by causing business activity, makes for optimism among business men, and to the slight extent that it raises the prices of construction materials, gives them a concrete incentive for expansion. In contrast, Mr. Hopkins' W.P.A., symbolizing unemployment and budget deficits, makes business men timid, despondent, close-fisted. Neither the P.W.A. nor the W.P.A. can do much to solve the unemployment problem, but with the P.W.A. Mr. Roosevelt at least would not be stepping on his own feet.

Mr. Roosevelt's intimations of economy have also brought alarm to Mr. Swanson. Confined to a hospital with a broken arm, Mr. Swanson anxiously waits to hear whether he is to have two new battleships. They would cost between $60,000,000 and $75,000,000, and Mr. Swanson and his attendant admirals wish to start construction before economy actually appears. Apparently Mr. Roosevelt is proving skittish about reaching a decision. As a part of her great rearmament program, England seems certain to an-

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nounce the laying down of new capital ships before long, possibly during the coming summer. It is reported that Mr. Roosevelt wishes to wait until the onus of starting a naval race can be safely laid on the British.

Belatedly, I should like to call attention to the defeat of a section in the War Department's appropriation bill limiting the profits of airplane manufacturers and ordnance makers to ten percent. After it had been approved by the House, the section was deleted by the Senate appropriations committee without protest either from Mr. Roosevelt or the Democratic Senate leadership. There could hardly be a more dramatic proof of the political influence of the munitions manufacturers, and of the unwillingness of the administration to challenge them.

Washington. T. R. B.

Other People's Money

How a Town Goes Bankrupt—No Chance to Start Over Again—How Many North Bergens Are There?

BUSTED towns! What happens to them? When a man slips into bankruptcy, the creditors take the assets, sell them, hand over 90 percent of the proceeds to the lawyers, trustees, referees, etc., and split the meager 10 percent among themselves. But what of bankrupt towns? Creditors can't sell the city hall. They can't put the high schools, the fire houses and the comfort stations under the hammer. What happens to them? The answer is most illuminating for those who are trying to forecast the future of business—though that may seem far afield.

A splendid laboratory for studying busted towns is New Jersey. The state is full of them. But now one of New Jersey's bankrupt towns has actually gone into bankruptcy —just like the trolley-car conductor who started the grocery store. This is North Bergen.

The assessed value of this town is $57,000,000. On this the North Bergenians have been paying a tax rate of 3.83 percent. But the town has a bonded debt of over $15,000,000. This $15,000,000 represents chiefly the contribution of North Bergen to the Coolidge boom. If you glance down at the financial history of the years from 1921 onward, you will see that up-and-coming North Bergen was building schools, putting in improvements continuously and borrowing the money to do it. All this money she spent on brick, cement, lumber, plumbing, steel, glass and all sorts of materials and on labor. This made work for people who in turn spent their wages on automobiles, radios, beauty preparations, travel, haberdashery and so on. While North Bergen was pouring funds into the stream of purchasing power in this way on this gigantic scale, little New York was adding its mite and so were all the towns in America—billions every year. Thus prosperity grew and inflated while sound Americans gave an attentive ear to the mutterings of economy from the White House and blessed Mr. Coolidge as Great.

But now North Bergen is faced with the perfectly obvious necessity of trying to pay for all the things she bought under Coolidge, as well as to keep up interest payments on the outstanding debt. And, of course, North Bergen can't do it. She is several millions behind on her interest. And this despite the fact that in the good old days she would spend as much as $600,000 in a year on schools, while in 1934 she spent only $299,000.

However, her creditors got her and last week the unhappy commonwealth was forced to go to the United States court like any insolvent. North Bergen is now a bankrupt under the new federal law applying to cities and towns. She is, I think, the first, certainly the first town in the East, to try her hand at this.

A reorganization plan has been fixed up for the town. She is to set about paying her debt—that is paying for those school houses, fire houses, streets and other public monuments with which she enriched the plentiful reign of Mr. Coolidge. The plan calls for paying sums varying from around $600,000 to as much as $760,000 a year for ten years. At the end of ten years she will still owe 60 percent of her debt. But through these years she will be called on to pay interest besides—another $650,000 a year, gradually dropping off to as low as $400,000. In other words, in interest and principal, North Bergen will have to pay from $1,400,000 to $1,150,000 a year. Now as her operating expenses in 1934 were $552,000 and her expenditures for education were $299,000, or $851,000 a year, it will be seen that she will be spending from over three to six hundred thousand a year more paying for the old spree than for the running of her present government.

Her tax levy last year was $2,207,000. So we see that more than half of this, at first, will be consumed in paying for the dead horse. But the two considerations that are important are as follows:

1. This bankruptcy, unlike the bankruptcy of a private business, does not wipe out the town's debts, so that her credit may be restored. A corporation goes into bankruptcy. The common stock is wiped out. Some of the bonds are wiped out, some are changed to common stock. The indebtedness of the corporation is enormously decreased. A new regime takes hold. The corporation's credit is restored. It resumes as a buyer and builder. But the town's debts are not wiped out or reduced. They are merely spread out a little more. And instantly a heavier load than ever in the way of amortization is enforced, so that the town's credit remains suspended.

2. Such a town must remain out of the capital-goods markets for years. How will it build school houses, libraries, public buildings, roads, etc.? It cannot raise the money by taxes, since it is already burdened too heavily paying up the bills for its past building. It cannot borrow the money since its credit is sunk. Hence it will build no schools, no jails, no playgrounds, etc. And hence it will make no contribution to the wages and profits of industry.

The question arises—how many North Bergens are there? Well, there are several thousands in default. And there are countless cities—indeed the great majority of them—which, while not in default, are loaded with old bills and I.O.U.'s so heavily that they cannot borrow for building operations and cannot tax, because the taxes are being devoured by the old bills and I.O.U.'s. Where one sees cities building schools, etc., now, the work as a rule is being done with P.W.A. funds supplied by the federal government.

John T. F.

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Guest Artist

JORIS IVENS is a name that is practically unknown over here, although moderately famous in Europe. It is the name of a young man who helped start an amateur film league in Holland some years ago and who has since been making independent pictures in that country and others. He arrived here recently, bringing some of his work with him. It turns out to be very good work.

Ivens started out doing technical films for a university, then began fooling around by himself. The earliest piece represented here is "Rain," which is about nothing but a shower coming up and passing over and the sun showing again, and really lovely. It is consistent with the ability to touch just what ordinary thing it is that gives us our impression of sunlight and lassitude, sunlight with a suggestion of darkening, then a cloud and more clouds, a gusty sky and all hurrying, the darkness and first wet of rain and then the rain itself, working up to its monotonous pitch on housetops and canals and the business section, the water busy in eavestroughs, etc. And then the easing up and first clear sky, with everyone mirrored in sidewalk pools and the nickel-work of parked autos, the sun coming back on the water and the cyclists into the streets.

Well, as Ivens says, there you are, rain. There seem to be, ah, other matters. So he went on to other matters —but in a direction that might be guessed from his preoccupation, even in this lyric stretch of film, with the machinery of living, with kitchen floors and buses and people getting wet or driving the buses. I haven't space now for all of the subsequent Ivens pictures shown here ("Industrial Symphony," made for a Dutch radio firm; "Borinage," made in a Belgian mining town; "Song of Heroes," made in the U.S.S.R.). All the Ivens films are documentary in type; some are one-reelers, some three. His characteristics show most clearly and best in a film I like better than the others, the one called "New Earth."

"New Earth" shows how they dammed the Zuyder Zee and pumped four great sections of it dry, for growing wheat—12,000 men working in two shifts for ten years. The picture deals in fascination from the start: what they would have to do and where to begin, men making great rafts of trussed saplings, floating the rafts at high tide and towing them out (three tugs in line with the towropes straining in a fine pattern), anchoring them at a certain imaginary point (the sky gray, the sea gray and enormous, the smoke from the tugs drifting), then sinking them under scow-loads of rock. After that, the foundation for the dike proper, clay dredged from the sea bottom and brought up by scores of lighters—everybody busy, the tugs, lighters, engineers' launches swarming around, the dredges scooping and puffing away. Tons of machinery, but always with men running it: Ivens not only gets a poetic line out of the revolving structure of cranes and mixers, he gets the men working them, tripping the bucket or heaving around at the winches—in particular one shot of a barge going out at noontime and a figure, great in pantaloons, appearing from below through the hatch and standing there with a bowl in his hands in the middle of a busy day, eating his necessary soup against the horizon.

with a job, the dike is getting base and height, rising out of the sea, being reinforced with sand, faced with rock, slowly becoming a geographical fact, with a familiar form and car tracks. You could stand and watch a job like this for weeks (12,000 men, two shifts, ten years) and what little might seem to happen would be monotonous. To make a truly moving picture of it demands imagination (what to show and how to take it, by what light at what angle, so that your personal feeling for the motion may be caught in a camera box); also experimenting and brute work; also skill in cutting. Above all, the cutting.

There is a point in this record, this non-fictional account, where by virtue of its management the tide of conflict sets so powerfully that at the final resolution the audience breaks into involuntary handclaps. It seems that, as the two ends of the dike approached the middle, the whole power of the dammed water would be thrown against the narrowing gap, tearing at the clay as fast as they could dump it, like a river in flood. In the picture you can see the lighters nosed up to that opening by their tugs, sweeping through like catboats and dumping the clay as they pass. You see finally the shovels working, tugs and lighters all around, first one shovel and then one on each side, getting a bite on their loads, swinging around (there is some beautiful play here of the two high patterns of steel framework moving against each other) dropping their sodden tons into the current, swinging back. The shovel bites in, locks, starts up and away and you are cut to the control house with its levers and singing cable, you swing with the framework and stop short where the throttle goes down; the operator steps forward and kicks the trip and you are cut back to the shovel, swaying and then letting go with a great slipping out and muddy splash.

The whole machine, its purpose and guiding force, are made graphic in a natural flowing line; and as the work goes on the thing is stepped up so skillfully that when the last dumping of clay rises successfully above the surface and the waters separate into two calm bodies, there is a feeling in the audience, applause or no applause, of release from labor, whoo what a job, knock off now and take a blow. And as the film goes on to the next step of the work, the image is very apt: three or four men scrubbing at their hands and sloshing their knobby faces under a faucet—and the dike is built and the locks are set and here is something of a miracle, damming the ocean with sand, etc.; but here also, to come back to earth, are the common men who did the work and worked the miracle, and now call it a day like any other, and slosh their faces.

The artistry of all this—this reduction of the rambling facts of living and working to their most immediate denominator, to the shortest and finest line between the two points of a start and a finish—is so evident as to set the key of the picture, making the explicit irony and social criticism of the end only incidental. In the end, after the land is drained and wheat grown on the fertile soil and the first harvest ready, there is just no place to sell the wheat, so they burn it in piles or dump it, thousands of bushels of wheat, back into the sea. The plan was wrong, but the work was true, and it is the work that this picture is about. Like the rest of Ivens' films (being shown around by the New Film Alliance), it is more exciting than rapid fic-

OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bandwagon

Some of my friends are forming clubs to promote me for President. I appreciate the compliment and know of no reason for objecting to such efforts.—*Bernarr Macfadden, in Liberty, March 28. Submitted by Herman E. Krimmel, Flushing, N. Y.*

The "Billy Sunday of Business" (DeLoss Walker, associate editor of Liberty Magazine) came to Akron today preaching a high-powered gospel of more confidence and less fear.

Interviewed today, Mr. Walker yanked off his coat, waved his shirt-sleeved arms, jumped on a table, and threatened to kick anyone in the chin who came to him without a job asking for help.—*The Akron Times-Press, March 25.*

Miss Etta Donner of the Vienna Africanistic Institute has returned from studying the social position of women in Africa's tropic woods.

Young Miss Donner traveled alone and was not afraid. White people are much respected where they are not yet well known, she has found.—*The Science News Letter, March 28.*

Clark said he had no objections to teachers describing conditions in the Soviet Union so long as they made clear that conditions there were bad.—*Fred G. Clark, National Commander of the Crusaders, in a radio address quoted in The New York Herald Tribune.*

It is atrociously bad form for host or hostess to assemble friends and leave them unprotected to suffer loss because of the presence of some unrecognized Raffles. The private detective should be included in the list of guests to prevent such depredation. This guardian, protecting a brilliantly bejeweled guest, is recognized only as a raconteur of delightful personalities.—*From a leaflet published by the Max Sherwood Detective Agency, one of whose operatives during the building-service strike in New York City was charged with stealing $55,000 in jewelry from the apartment of Dr. Kurt Simon.*

The really happy pictures, that come as bracers to you after you have swallowed your seltzer, are those of defeat and calamity. A shot of an evicted family will send even the most depressed citizen to his desk feeling a little better, if only by comparison.—*Lucius Beebe, The New York Herald Tribune, March 28.*

Lucius Beebe, The Trib. night club colyuman, inherited another million last week!—*Walter Winchell's Syndicated Column, March 30.*

Communism has no right to condemn Capitalism . . . Communism is Capitalism gone mad.—*Mgr. Fulton Sheen of the Catholic University of America, reported in The New York Times, March 16.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Unless a request to the contrary is made, we shall publish the name and address of the contributor.—THE EDITORS.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Commodity Dollar Again

SIR: The formula for high wages, low prices and reasonable profits is not so improbable as it was recently suggested to be by one of the country's leading industrialists. Could there be conceived an economy where stable purchasing power prevailed, with greed and monopoly absent—there would be the formula!

A stable purchasing power prevails when the amount of money and bank credit in circulation is adequate and reasonably constant. If the quantity of money is curtailed, because of the unwillingness of business to go into debt or of bankers to permit them to do so, money becomes scarce, employment falls off and purchasing power stagnates. Any system that permits the quantity of money to be thus privately controlled must suffer periodic underconsumption, hysteria and panic.

This situation could be corrected by requiring that banks maintain 100-percent reserves against deposits, and by requiring that Congress exclusively coin money. In order to coin sufficient sound money to make business function adequately, $24,000,000,000 of other non-perishable basic commodities would need to be added to the present $10,000,000,000 gold and silver base. On the recognized 40-percent ratio, $34,000,000,000 of actual commodities would support $65,000,000,000 of currency, if the 60 percent were supported by collateral in the form of mortgages, commercial paper and government bonds. Thus would be effected a constant control-free money to assure stable purchasing power. Monopoly and greed would be curtailed by supplanting the present income tax with a scientific excess-profit tax.

Interest on the securities backing the currency would naturally accrue to the federal Treasury, and it, together with revenues from tariffs, inheritance, gift and excess-profit taxes, would more than finance an economical administration. Excise taxes would be eliminated. Even though necessitating an international money standard, which could appropriately take the form of the gold ounce, such a monetary system would greatly stimulate foreign trade. Accumulating commodities for the added monetary base and building necessary storehouses would constructively employ a vast army of workers. The stability of purchasing power would cause industry and agriculture gradually to reabsorb all available workers, while the greed and monopoly curb would ensure wages sufficient to sustain an abundant standard of living.

Peoria, Ill. LOUIS SCHWAB.

Morrow and Meiklejohn

SIR: In reading Mr. Harold Nicolson's life of Dwight Morrow, it has struck me that the author does less than justice to the famous Amherst controversy, in which your paper played so conspicuous a part.

There has never been any question of the greatness of Meiklejohn's influence upon youth; nor that he was making of the post-war generation men of character and liberal knowledge. The chief point about Alexander Meiklejohn was that his character was made of exactly the same stuff as his intellect. His ideas and his actions were simultaneous and dynamic. He was honest without reserve; and intelligent without reprieve.

There may have been many gaps in his way of handling the

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after starting a fresh idea he left it to his colleagues to develop (a notable moral achievement: few people leave their subordinates complete freedom to carry out their ideas, but Meiklejohn always did) was turned against him.

Mr. Nicolson gravely accuses him of "frivolity of mind." He quotes, to prove his point, a paragraph of Meiklejohn's farewell speech to Amherst; as if this fragment, culled from the bitterest hour of an emotional defeat, should weigh against the record of the profound scholarship and heroic adventure of years. It is, even so, not a very "frivolous" extract, though taken without its context it is neither interesting nor characteristic.

The president of Amherst was asked to resign on Morrow's advice, by a secret vote from the faculty. Two reasons were given for this action: his personal expenses were in a muddle, and his ideas were too liberal. Dwight Morrow admits that the former reason, if taken alone, would not have decided him to press for the president's dismissal. There is always something a little suspect to a psychologist when two reasons, one admitted to be a bolstering one, are given for any action. One reason, if it is a good one, is always enough.

There have been many geniuses whose private accounts have not balanced and whose further activities have nevertheless been gratefully received by a percipient world.

It was not surprising that old-fashioned and timorous fellow teachers resented Meiklejohn's new methods and were, perhaps, guided in their resentment by a personal jealousy, less surprising still. President Meiklejohn was adored by the undergraduates, and the attention of America was sympathetically focused upon his great experiment. Dwight Morrow destroyed this experiment. At the time he seems to have convinced himself that he had the best of reasons for his decision, and Mr. Nicolson seems to think even better of these reasons than Mr. Morrow did.

In "the roar and rattle of the Naval Conference," in which Dwight Morrow played an admirable part, his old friend Stanley King said to him: "Why, this is hell on earth!" "No, Stanley," Dwight Morrow replied, "it's not as bad as that Meiklejohn business. Besides in that business we failed to cure." "But, Dwight," Stanley King protested, "an amputation in that case was quite inevitable." "Amputations create wounds," Dwight Morrow told him, "they do not heal them. No, Stanley, we did poorly over that business. We did not do well."

There is a moral to be drawn from this flattering biography though not perhaps a moral its author intends us to draw. Dwight Morrow's camel was a good animal, but it stuck in the gate.

PHYLLIS BOTTOME.

London, Eng.

The Road to War

SIR: In a series of brilliant addresses on European affairs, Mrs. Vera M. Dean joins the ranks of the champions of "sanctions" and "League wars."

This position is, I believe, unsound and perilous.

1. Sanctions imply heavy armaments, and despite retired admirals, professional patriots and arms makers, armaments foster suspicion, fear, hatred, sword-rattling jingoes and war.

2. Determination of the "aggressor" is desperately difficult. After twenty years and notwithstanding numerous learned studies of the origins of the World War, it is still impossible to assign degrees of guilt to the various combatants.

3. Powers applying sanctions assume the combined role of prosecutor, judge, jury and executioner.

4. Advocates of sanctions hope that a mere display of superior armed might will check the "aggressor." But can you bluff an entire civilized nation? The threat of coercion by foreigners cannot fail to inflame the patriotism of a people, unite them more firmly behind their rulers and deepen their faith in their own innocence.

5. Effective sanctions mean war. Can thinking people talk seriously of launching another "war to end war"? Peace is the fruit of reason and discussion—but war forever breeds war. And people who die in "League wars" also remain dead.

NORBORNE HARRIS CROWELL.

Potsdam, N. Y.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Miss Tracy D. Mygatt of the Women's Peace Union calls attention to the constitutional amendment drawn up by the union and now introduced into Congress by Senator Frazier and Representative Vito Marcantonio. The amendment calls for complete independent disarming by America, which Miss Mygatt feels is the only real way to keep this country out of war, and she urges support of H.J.R. 528.

A correspondent in Vermont tells us that a great deal of public opinion in that state which would otherwise be favorable to the marble strikers has been misled by the long and consistent record of the Proctor family in supporting charities. People mistake this charity for industrial justice, and although many New England colleges are giving aid to the strikers he doubts that any state-supported school in Vermont is doing so. He cites one specific instance of a school whose principal announced a series of previously anonymous benefactions as coming from the Proctor family, which announcement served to sway school sentiment in favor of the Proctor interests. Our correspondent also says that while some of the strikers are of old American stock a great many of them are Mid-Europeans who have moved to Vermont in recent years.

Walter Moberg of Bellingham, Washington, notes the growth of a dangerous repressive spirit in that Puget Sound community in the recent refusal of local authorities to permit a lecture by Anna Louise Strong. . . . Miss Edith Wynner of New York City gives a cheer for the saving power of ridicule now being applied to militarism by the Veterans of Future Wars. She points out that a women's auxiliary is really necessary because "since 1929, the majority of the Supreme Court in the Schwimmer case makes it also obligatory for women to bear arms in defense of the Constitution (a thing which no other civilized nation has yet done)."

Mary D. Brite, secretary of the Cincinnati branch of the American Civil Liberties Union, announces that a stay of execution has been granted to John Montjoy, Kentucky Negro sentenced to death for an assault upon a white woman under circumstances indicating the improbability of his guilt, and that his case will be appealed to the United States Supreme Court. Funds to finance this appeal will be welcomed by the Montjoy Fair Trial Committee, Dr. Earl E. Eubank, 123 Hosea Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The American Student Zionist Federation is offering two fellowships for a year's work in Palestine studying the social and economic aspects of the community. Applications must be in by April 30 and full information may be obtained from the national office, Avukah, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York City. . . . The American Booksellers' Association announces plans for awarding medals to the most distinguished novel of the year, the most original novel, the most distinguished biography and the most distinguished general non-fiction book at its annual dinner on May 11.

What's on the Air?

University of Chicago Round Table. Discussion of current topics by professors and guest speakers. Every Sunday, 12:30 to 1 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Dr. Glenn Frank and others at University of Wisconsin alumni dinner. Monday, April 13, 10 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

President Roosevelt addressing the Young Democrat Clubs of Maryland. Monday, April 13, 10:30 to 11 P. M., C.B.S. and N.B.C.-WEAF.

Professor Yarndell Elliott of Harvard and others on "Getting a New Constitution." Tuesday, April 14, 7:45 to 8 P. M., N.B.C.-WEAF.

Secretary of State Cordell Hull and others at Pan American Union. Tuesday, April 14, 10 to 11 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Postmaster General James A. Farley on "The Keynote of the 1936 Campaign." Wednesday, April 15, 10:30 to 11 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

Ralph Borsodi, Herman H. Lind, Walter Rautenstrauch and others debating "Will the Machine Conquer Man?" at America's Town Meeting of the Air. Thursday, April 16, 9:30 to 10:30 P. M., N.B.C.-WJZ.

All times given are Eastern Standard.

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Spring Book Section

The Restoration of Sex

TWO GENERATIONS ago an English lad in Australia, Havelock Ellis, was troubled by the sexual dilemmas of adolescence. Resolved to find out all that was to be known about the subject of his perplexities, he then and there laid the foundation of a great and honorable career. His central work, these studies in the psychology of sex,[1] appears now for the first time in a popular edition; and the very fact that it can be offered to the general public is a proof of the great change he has mightily helped to bring about in the attitude of the Western World toward sex.

These studies are a series of a dozen monographs that appeared between 1896 and 1910; and they have now been rearranged in a more logical order, which makes the important book on "Sex in Relation to Society" the final work of the series. While the separate studies do not form a logical whole, their general purpose and tendency have been clear from the start: Ellis sought to bring together and interpret the best available knowledge on every aspect of sexual relations. His equipment for the task was admirable: he prepared himself on the physiological side by medical training; he was deeply interested in humanistic study; and he participated in a harmonious and psychologically fruitful marriage. Balance, tact, perceptiveness, candor and emotional warmth were the qualities he brought to his subject: seldom, since Plato's Symposium, have the facts of sex been reflected upon by a mind so free from obsessions and compulsions.

One cannot properly appraise the importance of Ellis's work unless one realizes that among Western peoples sex had during the nineteenth century reached its nadir. The narrowing of the emotional life, attendant upon overindulgence in practical activities, had been abetted by the Victorian reaction against the coarse speech and easy animality of the eighteenth century. Normal sexual interests and attributes were to be encountered chiefly among the "low," such as professional prostitutes, or among country lads and lasses: a paralyzing dualism pervaded the sexual habits of the middle classes. Up to the time of Ellis's writing it is scarcely an exaggeration to characterize the normal sexual state of respectable married women as frigidity, and when men sought anything like an adequate response from women they turned to those who were "loose" and "abandoned." In such a bitterly enlightened novel as "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," it is easier for a modern girl to identify herself with Lady Mount than with Lucy. Physiological textbooks, like Huxley's, often extirpated the organs of sex.

The need for sexual enlightenment during the nineteenth century was as great among the medical profession as among laymen: indeed, in all the more complicated aspects of sex this still holds true. Even those who professed to give sexual instruction, like the American founder of the birth-control movement, were often too limited in observation and in too great an erotic tangle themselves to create a sound body of doctrine. And while the investigation of hysteria, beginning with the school of Nancy, threw much light on the sexual origin of neurotic disorders, this fact only increased the tendency to treat sex as a dubious pathological manifestation. "Normal" sexual life was confined ideally to the brief marital rape that took place just before sleep under double cover of darkness and bedclothes in a legalized Victorian bed. Early twentieth-century enlightenment in America merely replaced this regime with more rigorous habits of antisepsis and the narrow twin bed—as if tooth-brushing and gargling were suitable amatory stimulants, and as if solitary confinement were the correct mode of relaxation after the sexual act.

Though Havelock Ellis opened up his original studies with a monograph upon homosexuality, his great merit was to emphasize the normal expressions of sex, and to redefine the "norm" in terms of a much wider historical, psychological and anthropological background than any previous writer had drawn upon. His approach was organic: that is, he treated the physiological and the psychological aspects of sex as parts of a single process: the root and the flower, the soil and the perfume, were equally real to him. While his discussions of the art of love had been anticipated by many writers, his understanding and well rounded observations here have been the basis upon which most of the good treatises published during the last twenty years have been built. No writer has done more than Ellis to give back to married love the glamor that was once strictly associated only with the professional skill of the courtesan. In the very act of demolishing prudish barriers he has restored psychological bonds.

Though the first edition of these "Studies" was completed almost a generation ago, Ellis's work remains a classic. Partly this is true because his work was based on such a large number of actual case histories, whose factual validity still remains; partly it is because of the alertness of his scholarship, and his ready absorption of new material and points of view: partly because Ellis's greatest contribution is the harmonious and well balanced interpretation of known data. His wisdom will remain authoritative, and it will survive the passing of his "authorities." On the subjects of homosexuality, prostitution, asceticism, chastity, marriage, his even sanity makes him a far safer guide than those whose specialized researches have contributed more to the subjects themselves.

Despite the range of Ellis's interest and scholarship, there are a few empty patches in his work, and one or two places where he reflects the limitations of his period; this is inevitable. Sometimes the division of his subject seems arbitrary, as in the treatment of tumescence and detumescence as separate subjects. The failure to deal with the relation of parents and children, that wide field of sexual psychology opened up by Dr. Freud, points perhaps to the main weakness in his equipment as a man. Finally, in his treatment of sex and society, one could wish for some deeper exploration of the role of love, reproduction and

[1] Studies in the Psychology of Sex, by Havelock Ellis. New York: Random House. 4 volumes, 2,110 pages. $15.

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parenthood in relation to the occupational strains, hours of labor, difficulties of nutrition and nurture, inequalities in economic rights and privileges: likewise for some inquiry into the relation of sex to environment, particularly as affected by urban and rural ways of living. But these are subjects for Ellis's successors and continuators. In attitude and temper Ellis has set an example that all future investigators of the subject must aspire to equal.

This work of Ellis's still has a long career ahead of it: even those who have kept in touch with one or another special phase of the literature of sex can nevertheless profit by his masterly synthetic grasp. As for the subject itself, despite all fears to the contrary, sex probably still occupies far too small a place in the routine of men and women in the industrially more advanced countries today. Though superficial freedoms have been achieved, sex holds too small a place in life, and irradiates too narrow a field of the personality. Havelock Ellis's great work symbolically restores sex to the central position of importance it should have in every harmonious life. Indirectly, it should count eventually as a powerful stimulus toward radical changes in our economic order; for though our sterile masculine habits of thinking usually tend to express revolutionary social changes in terms of seizing power and transforming the instruments of production, no valid social change will be consummated until it is expressed likewise in terms of its end-products—the creation of an environment friendly to love, and a transformation of all the agents of reproduction and nurture. That includes everything from housing to education.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

Again the Road to War

The Eve of 1914, by Theodor Wolff. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 655 pages. $4.50.

TWENTY-TWO years after Serajevo, it might appear that nothing new could be written about the origins of the first world war. Scholars without number have plowed and replowed the documents until the sequence of events is known, hour by hour and almost minute by minute. The actors have presented their apologies. The popularizers have drawn their morals. What more can be said?

What has hitherto been lacking has been such an appraisal of personalities and of motivations as might be made by one who knew the actors as well as the documents. Theodor Wolff, editor of Das Berliner Tageblatt from 1906 to 1933 and now in exile, is both a scholar and a participant observer. He has written what is assuredly the most fascinating, and in many respects the most important, volume on the catastrophe. E. W. Dickes' translation is admirable. Here a cultured, scholarly man of the world, a liberal German of the old school, has not merely recorded his own valuable reminiscences but has set forth the tragedy of an age with a felicity of style, a penetration of insight, a wealth of apt historical and literary allusions and a finely balanced judgment that have not thus far been equaled by the chroniclers of the crisis. Here the five years of European diplomacy before Armageddon are subtly analyzed with a skillful hand: "The Great Idol," "The Death of the Waltz," "Into the Abyss" and "The War of Pontius Pilate." Wolff knows the men and women of 1914. He has mastered the documents, memoirs, letters and commentaries. He can write as well as think. The result is a masterpiece.

Summary would be futile. Suffice it to say that his evaluations are so shrewd, so soundly supported and so engagingly presented that few will differ with them. Here is a picture of 1914 "as it really happened." The portrait is shot through less with baseness than with blundering, frustration, conceit, inability to escape from consequences desired by none but made inevitable by the pride and blindness of all. "People were sliding on the ice. . . ." "Little private bursts of temper have often had great results." "Poincaré slipped from fearful expectation to fearful hope." "Nothing in the Kaiser's mind was so unchanging as his habit of changing it." But "he no more wanted to start a war than a child playing with matches." Grey hated war and brought it ever nearer by refusing to commit himself. These and other figures in the *Dramatis Personae* are presented in rich detail, sympathetically, without bitterness but with an understanding of motives which, thus uncovered, are overwhelmingly vacuous and vain and petty. "The shapers of destiny . . . saw in front of them a great doll, fat, waxen, vacuous, unnatural. More and more they came to regard this lifeless product of their fantasy as a being whose will must be respected, and with more and more docility they obeyed the supposed dictates of this bizarre fetish. Their hypertrophied doll was tricked out with gilt and gaudy spangles like an idol. They called it Prestige." At the end, "it was not Fate, whom no man can withstand, that held the shears ready. The bringers of evil were folly, arrogance, stupidity and the gambler's mania."

The most appalling aspect of this picture is that it describes the scene of today with uncanny accuracy. Only a few stage properties are changed. The war-makers of Vienna and St. Petersburg have been replaced by the more frenzied war-makers of Rome, Berlin and Tokyo. Paris hesitates until it is too late. The British Cabinet is again divided. Again it will be said, "there was no clear purpose and no long-thought-out plan, but simply stupidity and the methods of operation of reckless gamblers." Again, the blunderers, like Pilate, blindly send mankind to crucifixion, wash their hands of responsibility and hope for an old age of comfort after millions shall have suffered and died for Glory, Prestige, Power and Profit. In this there is nothing new, nor is there novelty in the torture of scapegoats along the way. But a civilization incapable of changing itself becomes its own executioner.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN.

Emily Dickinson

This woman sharpened words with many knives;
she pinned a life against the wall and smiled,
examined it, released it (as the hives
are opened in the spring, the snows that piled
across the fields swept out). She traced the red
below the surface of the leaf, she knew
the garden snake, the beetle's narrow bed.
The darkness shattered where her eyes went through.

We, too, have watched the hills, but not to see
a cloth of color and of sharp design,
nor have we understood the growing tree,
the shock of bloom, such swift, electric line.
She did not swing, mere acrobat, above
the crowd, without a net; she hung with love.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE.

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By Ice, Fire or Decay?

Paradise Lost: A Play in Three Acts, by Clifford Odets, with an introduction by Harold Clurman. New York: Random House. 217 pages. $2.

AFTER having been led, by the explicitly formulated objections of some dissenters, to expect that I would dislike Odets' "Paradise Lost," I finally went to see it, and liked it enormously. I even found that the scandalous number of entrances and exits did not bother me, except in a few instances where the action was not paralleled by a similar movement in the lines themselves. And though I had in the past complained against propagandists who compromised their cause by the depiction of people not worth saving, and had been led to believe that Odets transgressed on this score, I found on the contrary that the characters, for all their ills, possessed the ingredients of humanity necessary for making us sympathetic to their disasters. To me there was nothing arbitrary about the prophetic rebirth in Leo's final speech. And as I had witnessed, not pedestrian realism, but the idealizations of an expert stylist, I carried away something of the *exhilaration* that good art gives us when, by the ingratiations of style, it enables us to contemplate even abhorrent things with calmness.

The opportunity to examine the play in print has even heightened my admiration, by revealing the subtlety, complexity and depths of the internal adjustments. For all his conscious symbolism, the author has not merely pieced together a modern allegory. His work seems to embody ritualistic processes that he himself was not specifically concerned with—and I want to discuss them briefly.

At the close of Act I, as the characters listen to Pearl playing the piano upstairs, Gus says: "And when the last day comes—by ice or fire—she'll be up there playin' away." I consider this the "informing" line of the play. "By ice or fire." It is interesting that, in The Partisan Review, James T. Farrell, who wrote a book called "Judgment Day," should have objected to a work having this eschatological theme as its point of departure. But Farrell is in the stage of pure antithesis, turning his old Catholicism upside down—and hence preferring, for the time at least, the simple, hard-boiled reversal of his religious past. Odets may be more complex, admitting elements that Farrell could not admit without a corresponding expansion of his esthetic frame. Farrell's resistance is justified on the grounds of self-preservation, rather than as a mature act of critical appraisal.

Along with the "ice or fire" epigram, I should note the significant credo of Pike who, within the conditions of the play, comes nearest to the "proletarian" philosophy: "I'm sayin' the smell of decay may sometimes be a sweet smell." And taking these two passages as seminal, I should say that the play deals with three modes of "redemption"—redemption by ice, fire or decay—and finally chooses the third. Like certain ancient heresies, it pictures the "good" arising from the complete excess of the "bad," as the new growth sprouts from the rotting of the seed.

The first act rejects "redemption by ice." In its simplest objectivization, we find the situation placed before our eyes in the form of Ben's statue on the stage. The friends, Ben and Kewpie, had been under ice together; they had been skating with a third boy, when the ice broke and their friend had drowned. The spell of this "life-in-death" is still upon them. As Ben formulates it later: "We're still under ice, you and me—we never escaped!" And again: "'Did we die there?' I keep asking myself, 'or are we living?'" The first act establishes this situation—and Acts II and III show us the author's attempts to shape a magic incantation whereby the spell is broken.

Act II, by my analysis, considers and rejects "redemption by fire." It is in this way that I would locate the symbolic element underlying the remarkable realism of Mr. May, the professional firebug. Leo refuses to accept his impotent partner Sam's proposal that they solve their financial troubles by employing this man. But Pike, the proletarian furnace tender (who would thaw the ice), had proclaimed his belief in "redemption by decay." He is thus the bridge between Sam's fire solution and Leo's rebirth from decay. And we complete the pattern in the third act where, as the process of decay is finished, Leo's prophecy of rebirth sprouts from the rotted grain, and the curtain descends.

I might note other features of the internal organization. Thus, Pike's mere entrance at times foreshadows the "fatality" of the plot. For he knocks at the door (1) just as Julie has said, "When the time comes—" (2) when Gus has said he would like to "go far away to the South Sea islands and eat coconuts," and (3) when, Clara having asked "Is it the end?" Leo has answered, "Not yet." At these crucial moments, Pike's message is in the offing. But whereas the message remains the same throughout the play, Leo (the "father") must assimilate it in his own way, as he does by conscientiously completing the symbolism of the rotting grain. (The same basic pattern of thought may be seen in the "conscientious corruption" of André Gide, who has significantly entitled his autobiography *"Si le grain ne meurt."*)

Approached from this angle, Krutch's doubts as to the play's statistical value (its actuarial truth as a survey of the bourgeoisie) may seem less relevant. If a poet happens to have the sort of imagination that revivifies an old heresy in modern details, how would he go about it to put this imaginative pattern into objective, dramatic form? At other times, he might have externalized the pattern as a struggle between angels and demons, or between Indians and settlers, or between patriot and foe, or in the "war of the sexes," etc. At present, in keeping with current emphasis, he may symbolize it with relation to an interpretation of historic trends, where its "prophetic" truth is enough. Incidentally, the *subjective* origin of the pattern need not impair the *objective* validity of the symbols used. If the bourgeoisie is oppressed by loss of certainty, one may have many good objective reasons for externalizing the pattern of his imagination in this form, particularly as the pattern itself may have been established in the individual poet precisely by the effects of the same frustrating process.

Our approach also may have bearing upon the comments of Stanley Burnshaw, who observed in The New Masses that the play erred as political strategy. Inasmuch as the proletariat must expect the petty bourgeoisie to become its allies, he asks, how could people so decayed have the vitality to assist in the tremendous work of establishing a new order? This objection is justified only if one does not believe in the Odets formula for redemption, remembering only the ash and not the Phoenix that arises from the ash. But if one follows the Odets ritual to the end, the objection is weakened. By the Marxist formula, the complete "proletarian" would require no process of rebirth. He would grow up with his morality. He and it would be one. But the bourgeois would have to "come over," dropping the morality that made him and taking another in its place. Converting the situation into drama, we should

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require rebirth, the ritualistic changing of identity, rather than merely a superficial matter of climbing off one bandwagon and climbing on another. And we should require the dramatist to deepen and broaden the process as greatly as possible.

Thus, I question whether we can appreciate the play by a simple "scientific" test of its truth, as in Farrell's naturalistic bias, Krutch's census-taking requirements or Burnshaw's question of united-front tactics. A more integral test is to be found, I submit, in a consideration of the play as ritual. And those who respond to its ritual will be enabled to entertain drastic developments, without drawing simply upon a masochistic desire to be punished.

KENNETH BURKE.

A Yankee Savonarola

Theodore Parker: Yankee Crusader, by Henry Steele Commager. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. 352 pages. $3.

"HELL NEVER vomited forth a more blasphemous monster than Theodore Parker," said the Reverend Mr. Burnham during the great revival of 1858, "and it is only the mercies of Jesus Christ which now preserve him from eternal damnation." A monster, or at least a scoundrel, he was certainly thought to be in more quarters than the evangelical pulpit, and there was color for his own belief that he was the best hated man of his generation. Yet Thackeray, when he made a trip to this country, declared that the thing in America which he most desired was to hear Theodore Parker; Emerson called him "our Savonarola"; Whitman declared that "he was built for mountains and seas—for might, for loyalty"; and Lincoln, when he came to write the Gettysburg Address, remembered to good effect that striking phrase of Parker's—in a printed sermon which Herndon had lent him—about democracy being "direct self-government, over all the people, for all the people, by all the people." Hated he might be, virulently and implacably, but he mastered the conscience and the imagination of his people as not half a dozen other men in America mastered them.

Four or five biographies of Parker already exist, but good as some of them are, they are all by New England Unitarian clergymen or their French and German equivalents, and a fresh book about him, from some other lookout, has long been overdue. Mr. Commager is much too modest in refusing to pretend that he has written his book "in order to fill any yawning gap in biographical literature, in order to satisfy any imperious demand." In a decade that has seen the dams broken and the streets flooded by lives of every picturesque bushwhacker and every canonized ward-heeler of the nineteenth century, the absence of a newly conceived book about Theodore Parker has been a literary scandal. With only certain reservations, it is lucky that the subject has fallen into the hands of so sound a scholar and so accomplished a writer as Mr. Commager. Not more than once or twice in a blue moon does a biography appear which, with the benefit of so much unobtrusive historical learning, achieves the purely narrative vigor and the stereoscopic illusiveness in portraiture that make this book so readable and so persuasive.

Mr. Commager has all the qualifications, indeed, for writing brilliantly about Theodore Parker except sympathy with Parker's strongest impulses and a sense of his special interest for our own generation. A biographer need not feeling drops below a particular level, his portrait, however illusive, will have a certain unreality to the hypercritical eye. One sentence of Mr. Commager's will illustrate what I mean. He is speaking of Parker as an Abolitionist and a preacher of direct action. "Slavery," he observes, "wasn't something simple and single, a question of profit and loss, a question of progress or decay, a question of right or wrong." To Theodore Parker, of course, the sentiment behind such a sentence would have seemed—well, not wholly free from cant; and a biographer to whom the exploitation of slave labor is not a question of right and wrong, will naturally miss the exact expression in the features of our Savonarola.

He will fail, too, to throw into full relief the qualities in Theodore Parker that make him seem an authentic "ancestor" to American radicals today. Nothing is less likely than that Mr. Commager has willfully minimized the force and heat of Parker's attack upon the inequities of a society dominated by planters, merchants, bankers and mill-owners: he has not been interested, as he protests, in drawing any moral from Parker's life, and his book has the kind of static balance that our skeptical and "impartial" historians most do cherish. The man who was as bitterly hated by State Street as by the Calvinists and the Methodists—the man who wrote the "Sermon of Poverty," the "Sermon of Merchants" and the "Sermon of the Chief Sins of the People"—is by no means invisible in Mr. Commager's portrait; but he could easily be made to overshadow the man who tweaked Andrews Norton's nose and even the man who conspired with John Brown. If he doesn't do that here, it is through no want of erudition or literary power on Mr. Commager's part.

NEWTON ARVIN.

"Brave New World"

Out of the Night: A Biologist's View of the Future, by H. J. Muller. New York: The Vanguard Press. 128 pages. $1.50.

WHEN AN American scientist of international reputation in his field openly challenges the right of the capitalist system to maintain its hold on civilization, that could be called news. But when this scientist not only associates the continued progress of man with the establishment of a collective society, but also—and unhesitatingly—places this society under control of "the workers of the world," as in the Soviet Union, the news assumes the proportions of an event.

Professor Hermann J. Muller, a geneticist who received his early training under Thomas Hunt Morgan (originator of the gene theory of inheritance), was asking himself questions about the origin and destiny of life as far back as 1910. His biological researches—which have been amply rewarded by many discoveries bearing on the mechanism of inheritance, particularly as regards "mutations"—were vitalized by a deep and increasingly articulate social awareness: an awareness that soon led him to examine the harsh economic framework within which the immutable, and often very delicate, biological processes must take place.

"Out of the Night" is Dr. Muller's contribution to an understanding of these processes, as they exist today in a world that violates nearly every principle of sound progress —and as they could be in that "brave new world" which for him (long a valued colleague in the Medico-Genetical Institute of Moscow) is coming to a rich maturity in the Soviet Union. Written originally in 1925 (with occasional

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essays in this book combine a presentation of some of the most important developments in biology, genetics and evolutionary theory with a picture of what a liberated and properly controlled biological science could do for the human race. On this ground Dr. Muller speculates with a boldness to astonish even the two Huxleys; his predictions as to the possible separation of love from reproduction, to the advantage of both through the technique of "ectogenesis" (fertilization and birth outside the womb); on the use of solar energy by mere tapping of the atmosphere at any point; on automatic machinery of incredible precision and efficiency; on the deliberate breeding of specified types of human being from protoplasm kept in cold storage for long periods—all these reveries of a biologist, however faithful to actual possibilities, partake more of melodrama than of reality. For, after all—as none more quickly recognizes than Dr. Muller—the great and urgent problem of the human race today is that of creating social forms within which the given human organism may develop its own genetic potentialities to the full. The wide-awake reader, whatever his special interests, will ignore Dr. Muller's challenging book at his own risk. HAROLD WARD.

Nazi Novels

Once We Had a Child, by Hans Fallada, translated by Eric Sutton. New York: Simon and Schuster. $2.50.

Doctor Morath, by Max René Hesse, translated by Ernest Crankshaw. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

The Baroness, by Ernst Wiechert, translated by Phyllis and Trevor Blewitt. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $2.50.

A BOOK from Nazi Germany is inevitably something more than a literary object; no matter how detached and non-political it may be, its origin demands that it be examined as a document in political and social evidence. As literature none of these novels, despite the praise of several American critics, has any claims upon our interest; as flotsam from a wrecked culture all are fascinating.

Fallada's "Once We Had a Child" is perhaps the most significant of the three because of its wide divergence from the character of the author's cordially received "Little Man, What Now?" The earlier work, written and published before the Nazi coup, when there was scarcely a German novel that did not try to encompass the social misery of the land, was a story about the inadequacy of the white collar as a means of self-preservation. Despite its conscious sentimentality and despite the political confusion that its title frankly declared, it was a touching and effective treatment of modern poverty. Avowedly non-partisan, it yet made clear that Fallada's sympathies were those of a sincere if not very militant liberal. When the blow fell on Germany, however, Fallada's real but soft sympathies did not crystallize. He remained on the little Pomeranian farm that his book about the little man had brought him. It is not for us, in our intellectual comfort, to tax him with not embracing exile. Nevertheless, it is perfectly clear that Fallada's political choice has changed his work profoundly. "Once We Had a Child" is not the work of a liberal, but of a romantic and supercilious squire. This is manifested not merely by its explicit social comment—its repeated sneers at trade unionism, for example—but by its entire conception and mood.

The hero, Hannes Gäntschow, gifted, courageous, ruthless, has a great passion; above all things he loves the soil and especially his ancestral farm. But, attractive as he is, he has one major and tragic fault—his inability to give tenderness. And so, though at last he owns the farm he loves, he will always be a lonely man. To tell a story of isolation is not to tell an isolated story, but Fallada has exploited every aspect of his tale that will keep it special and irrelevant. The farm of Gäntschow's passion is like no other, a legendary farm in an island community, remote as possible from the stream of life. With loving long-windedness the author reviews the history of the Gäntschow eccentricity so that we may understand how the wild blood of the family works its way from Druidical times to make the ruthless, isolated Hannes. And to this sad, mad, bad romantic poet and rebel artist of the soil Fallada gives all his admiration; he cannot even convince us in the end that Hannes' loneliness is the consequence of his tragic fault, for we feel that to Fallada it is but the price that great men pay for achievement. The whole conception of the book represents a retreat by the author, and though Fallada has lost nothing of his sound minor talent, he has lost immeasurably in dignity and relevance.

Hesse's "Dr. Morath" is a rather more difficult book to analyze. It has a certain value as a picture of the raw, vulgar, predatory society of the German colony of Buenos Aires. But although it touches on social questions, on race, on religion and even has its hero flirt with radicalism, it does all this with such devotion to "objectivity" that it is scarcely possible to make head or tail of it. The author seems to have wished to avoid any gradations of depth in the moral relief; he scarcely tries to engage the reader's sympathy, even for the idealistic hero. The result is weird; the reader feels that he has experienced a complex adventure while drugged. This may be a literary device with its own minor point. Perhaps, too, something of the depressing velleity of this novel is banished by the volume that follows it (not yet translated), though it seems unlikely that more pages will do what so many pages have not done. What is most probable, however, is that the fog of "Dr. Morath" is the result of a state of mind which sees that safety lies in steering clear of all conclusions.

In one way or another all three of these novels are steering clear of actuality, and the course of "The Baroness" is straight toward the Soul of the World and the Earth Spirit and whatever inflated mysticism is at hand. Dullest of the three books, its German popularity gives it a considerable importance. It is a work of hifalutin pietism, written in a fake biblical-symbolic style, full of a lyrical and disgusting *simplesse*. In this style a high percentage of sentences begin with "and," the false-naïve aphorisms are thick, and mysterious circumlocution is the breath of life: in this style a man does not die; he "learns to lie still beneath French soil." The story involves the return to his native place of a soldier believed dead for twenty years and his struggle to come back to the world of the living, a matter prevented by his lack of a pure heart and the incredulity of his daft (but beautifully, mystically daft) father, and there is much business about the therapeutic shooting of a marsh-owl which is the voice of a dead child. The point of the book will perhaps be clear to those who can abandon themselves to its kind of sentimentality. That German readers have taken 100,000 copies of this boring farrago of Life, Death and Purity to their hearts is not, perhaps, surprising. A "delicate" dream of piety, romanticized feudalism and irrationalism can charm people inured to nonsense and perhaps weary of shouting.

LIONEL TRILLING

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A Check List of Spring Books

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS

HEARST: LORD OF SAN SIMEON, by Oliver Carlson and Ernest Sutherland Bates (Viking, $3). A hostile and well documented biography. (Late April.)

THREESCORE, by Sarah N. Cleghorn (Smith and Haas, $3). Sixty years of courage and crusading.

FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL: 1915-1918, by Harvey Cushing (Little, Brown, $5). The wartime experiences of a famous surgeon.

LIFE OF DE QUINCEY, by Horace A. Eaton (Oxford, $5). A full-length "definitive" biography, containing information hitherto suppressed. (April.)

GENGHIS KHAN, by Ralph Fox (Harcourt, Brace, $3). The Scourge of God, whose empire reached from the Black Sea to the Pacific. (Early May.)

HITLER: A BIOGRAPHY, by Konrad Heiden (Knopf, $3). By the man who has written the best history of National Socialism. (Late May.)

JOHN REED, by Granville Hicks (Macmillan, $3). The first biography of an American poet, adventurer and rebel. (Early April.)

BORAH OF IDAHO, by Claudius O. Johnson (Longmans, Green, $3). The character and career of the great Irregular Republican.

IMPERIAL HEARST: A SOCIAL BIOGRAPHY, by Ferdinand Lundberg (*Equinox*, $2.75). *This book, says Charles A. Beard in his preface to it, "destroys Hearst by producing the cold, brute facts of the record."*

A LIFE OF JOHN GALSWORTHY, by H. V. Marrot (Scribner's, $5). A pious biography rich in extracts from diaries and letters.

FRIEDRICH ENGELS, by Gustav Meyer (Knopf, $3.50). The first biography in English of a political thinker whose reputation has been overshadowed by that of his friend Karl Marx.

GREEN LAURELS, by Donald Culross Peattie (Simon and Schuster, $3.75). The lives of the great naturalists; by the author of "An Almanac for Moderns." (Late May.)

OLD SOLDIER SAHIB, by Private Frank Richards (Smith and Haas, $2.50). Reminiscences of army life in England, India, Burma and wherever—barrack-room ballads in soldierly prose.

RUSSIAN SOMERSAULT, by Igor Schwezov (Harper's, $3.50). A ballet dancer, son of a Tsarist general, recounts his life in and out of Soviet Russia.

DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA, by George Slocombe (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50). The last of the great knights. (Early April.)

SIR WALTER RALEIGH: LAST OF THE ELIZABETHANS, by Edward Thompson (Yale, $4). The well written and dramatic story of a poet and warrior.

NOAH WEBSTER: SCHOOLMASTER TO AMERICA, by Harry R. Warfel (Macmillan, $3). The story of another Yankee almost as versatile as Benjamin Franklin. (Late April.)

GEORGE ELIOT: A BIOGRAPHY, by Blanche Colton Williams (Macmillan, $3.50). Homage to an important and now somewhat neglected novelist.

FICTION

RED NECK, by McAlister Coleman and Stephen Raushenbush (Smith and Haas, $2). The life, the struggles and the utter defeat of a labor-union official.

THE GREEN LION, by Francis Hackett (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). A story of Parnell's Ireland, by the author of "Henry VIII" and "Francis I."

SOUTH RIDING, by Winifred Holtby (Macmillan, $2.50). Yorkshire life and politics in Miss Holtby's last and richest novel.

SPRING STORM, by Alvin Johnson (Knopf, $2.50). A tempestuous youngster's passion, as seen through the eyes of a mellowed middle age. (Late April.)

SPARKENBROOKE, by Charles Morgan (Macmillan, $2.75). A long novel, somewhat mystical—in spirit and outline not unlike

SAN FELICE, by Vincent Sheean (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Naples and the Jacobins in 1799. (Late May.)

DARKNESS AND DAWN, by Alexis Tolstoy (Longmans, Green, $2.50). Russian intellectuals in the revolution and the civil war, as described by the most popular of living Russian novelists.

EDUCATION BEFORE VERDUN, by Arnold Zweig (Viking, $2.50). The life at the front of Private Bertin, who later became the friend of Sergeant Grischa.

POETRY AND CRITICISM

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL AND CHARTRES, by Henry Adams (Houghton Mifflin, $3). The first popular edition of a classic.

COLLECTED POEMS OF T. S. ELIOT (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). The record of a poet's progress from scoffing to solemnity.

MOSCOW REHEARSALS, by Morris Houghton (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75). Theatre practice in Soviet Russia, described at first hand by a man who got his training on Broadway.

AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MISCELLANY, by Louis Kronenberger (Putnam's, $2.50). Several of the Augustan classics reprinted in full, with an interesting preface.

THE TECHNIQUE OF PLAYWRITING, by John Howard Lawson (Putnam's, $2.50). The author believes that technique as well as subject matter depends on social consciousness and purpose.

A TIME TO DANCE AND OTHER POEMS, by C. Day Lewis (Random House, $1.75). With an essay, "Revolution in Writing."

PUBLIC SPEECH, by Archibald MacLeish (Farrar and Rinehart, $1). Fine poems, chiefly political, by a man who once derided the Social Muse.

THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, by Henry L. Mencken (Knopf, $5). An enlarged and greatly rewritten edition of a standard work. (Early May.)

REACTIONARY ESSAYS, by Allen Tate (Scribner's, $2). Essays on poetry, on Southern culture and on the relation between literature and politics.

GENERAL

WHAT IS COMMUNISM? by Earl Browder (Vanguard, $2). By the official spokesman for the Communist Party.

THE GREAT RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, by Victor Chernov (Yale, $5). Written from the standpoint of a liberal who was Kerensky's Minister of Agriculture. (May.)

THE LOST GENERATION, by Maxine Davis (Macmillan, $3). An attempt to describe what young people all over America are thinking, and may do.

CRIME AND JUSTICE, by Sheldon Glueck (Little, Brown, $3). Modern penal procedure discussed by an authority on criminology. (Early May.)

GENERAL THEORY OF EMPLOYMENT, INTEREST AND MONEY, by John Maynard Keynes (Harcourt, Brace, $2). Not a book intended for the general public, but extremely important to economists.

THE RAPE OF AFRICA, by Lamar Middleton (Smith and Haas, $3). A behind-the-scenes story of how a continent was seized and divided.

THE TUDORS, by Conyers Read (Holt, $2.50). A popular history by an outstanding authority on Tudor England.

THIS SOVIET WORLD, by Anna Louise Strong (Holt, $2). The workings of the Soviet system described from the inside. (April.)

CREATIVE AMERICA: ITS RESOURCES FOR SOCIAL SECURITY, by Mary van Kleeck (Covici, Friede, $3). A survey of the conflict between the socially "creative" and the "possessive" forces in American life. (May.)

POLITICAL AND DIPLOMATIC HISTORY OF RUSSIA, by George Vernadsky (Little, Brown, $4). From the Russia of the boyars to the second Five Year Plan.

TRAVELS IN TWO DEMOCRACIES, by Edmund Wilson (Harcourt,

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Baudelaire as Revolutionist

Flowers of Evil, by Charles Baudelaire. Translated by George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Harper and Brothers. 321 pages. $2.75.

TO SAY that George Dillon and Edna St. Vincent Millay have made the best available translation of "Les Fleurs du Mal" is mild and niggardly praise when you stop to consider the faults of their predecessors. Most of these have used the conventional language of late-Victorian poetry, the "whilom" and "eftsoons" dialect that transforms Baudelaire into a sort of Ernest Dowson with a lisp and a foreign leer. Moreover, they have exhibited a curious mixture of mealy-mouthedness and sensationalism—they have been evasive where Baudelaire was shockingly definite, yet at the same time they have tried to make his perfumes more sweetly cloying and his sins more scarlet. Arthur Symons in particular talks of "biting" at so many places where the word does not occur in the French text that he makes Baudelaire's women seem to suffer less from passion than from hydrophobia. The other translators have been like him in emphasizing the "decadent" side of Baudelaire, the side that now seems mannered and outmoded. On the other hand, Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon try to write in the language of our own times, without ambiguity. They deserve more than perfunctory praise for revealing a side of Baudelaire that is above fashions.

Most of their versions, if one forgets the originals, are satisfying as English poems. My trouble on reading them for the first time was that I could not forget the originals, could not help glancing at the French text printed on the opposite page, could not keep myself from comparing words and measuring effects and being perhaps unduly irritated by English phrases that seemed unworthy of Baudelaire. I forgot the good lines in my anger at the bad ones; perhaps it will be several months before I can judge the translation fairly and as a whole. In the meantime, there are a few general observations to be made about it.

Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon have translated not quite half of the 158 poems that compose "Les Fleurs du Mal." Considering the difficulties they had to overcome at every step, nobody could blame them for not completing the book. On the other hand, they are open to serious criticism for the order—or lack of it—in which they have printed their 72 selected poems. Baudelaire always thought of his book as forming something more than a random collection of lyrics; he said that it "must be judged as a whole, in which case there results from it a terrible morality." Speaking of the new poems inserted in the second edition, he told his mother, "It was easy for you to see that they were all composed for a plan." But both the morality of the whole and the plan that held it together are lost in the present arrangement, which places the first poem at the end of the book and lets the others come where they may.

Moreover, I find it hard to understand some of the omissions. There is, for example, "Femmes Damnées," the longer of the two poems bearing this title, the one that describes the unnatural love of Delphine and Hippolyte. The translators may have rejected it on the ground of its being too mannered and sententious, yet it is the most "Baudelairean" of all the poems, the one that best combines his moral intensity with the cold perfection of his verse; I think the last six stanzas are unexcelled in French literature. There is also "Une Charogne," which describes a putrefying corpse in terms that no other French poet since Villon had dared to use. There is the little old women of Paris, "Les Petites Vieilles"; perhaps it is not among the best of Baudelaire's poems, but it is one of the tenderest, and without reading it one can hardly appreciate his realism. And there is "Abel et Caïn," the one poem in which Bauledaire was explicitly revolutionary—after describing the bourgeois sons of Abel and, over against them, the proletarian sons of Cain, he adjured the latter to climb into heaven and cast God to earth. In any collection from which these poems are omitted, Baudelaire loses a great deal of his richness; he becomes a simple sinner who repents in middle age, a poet like a thousand others.

There is a final criticism that deals with the verse itself rather than the selection. It seems to me that Miss Millay and Mr. Dillon are absolutely mistaken in their idea that English hexameter is the closest equivalent of the French alexandrine. Both lines are of twelve syllables, but that is their only real resemblance, and it is partly canceled by the fact that the French syllables are shorter on the average and some of them are not pronounced. English hexameter contains more letters, more words and, if it is well written, more meaning. In order to render Baudelaire's alexandrines into hexameters, the present translators had to pad out their lines, sometimes with words that nobody could mistake for anything else than padding. Here are two random samples:

> Old spavined horse, old nag not worthy of thy keep . . .
> Are but mirrors, mirrors cloudy and obscure . . .

Both lines would be better if they were shortened, the first by omitting "old nag" and the second by omitting one of the "mirrors." In that case they would become pentameters, which means that they would be written in the measure usually employed for translating Baudelaire.

So much for the poems in their new English version. It is more interesting, I think, to discuss a neglected aspect of the man who wrote them. During the seventy-odd years since his death, Baudelaire has been praised as a romantic Satanist (especially when Satanism was in fashion), as a discoverer of new symbols (by the Symbolists), as a devoutly Christian character (by the neo-Catholics) and as a marvelous case history (by psychoanalysts specializing in the Oedipus complex). Almost nobody has talked about Baudelaire as a revolutionist, in spite of the fact that he risked his life three times on the barricades.

I can easily understand why the subject has been avoided. The poet himself changed his political opinions in later years and preferred not to talk about his earlier activities. The revolution in which he became involved was one that failed and therefore it has been played down by historians. Yet the French revolution of 1848 came as the result of a long intellectual and social ferment in many ways comparable with that which the world is passing through today. Its effect on French literature was perhaps more decisive than that of the World War. And Baudelaire took part both in the agitation that preceded it and in the political struggles that followed.

For six years he lived among revolutionaries. Beginning in 1845, when he lost control of his small fortune, he ceased to be a bohemian by choice and became a bohemian by necessity; he was a comrade of the struggling poets and painters and shared their hopes for overthrowing the bourgeois government. Courbet, the revolutionary painter, was one of his friends; another was Pierre Dupont, who wrote songs of revolt to be sung by the factory workers. In those days Baudelaire was influenced by their socialism, though it is hard to say how much of it he was willing to accept. He announced a volume of poems to be published in 1848

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mildly puzzled most of his biographers, but Enid Starkie explains that it probably referred to the "limbic" periods which, according to Fourier, marked the death of capitalism and the beginning of socialism. It would follow that the violence of Baudelaire's poems could be explained and excused to his contemporaries as the violent birthpangs of a new order. Critics seem to have expected that the book when it appeared would consist of socialistic poems.

Meanwhile the actual revolution had broken out. It included two periods of bloody street-fighting and Baudelaire took part in both of them. In February he helped to loot a gunsmith's, came running out with a new rifle and shouted, "Let's go shoot General Aupick"—his stepfather, whom he hated for many personal reasons. There was a great deal of malice and theatricality mixed with his revolutionary enthusiasm, though perhaps not so much as was implied by his conservative acquaintances who saw him during the fighting. In June, when the working-class quarters rebelled again, this time without the help of the petty bourgeoisie—in June Baudelaire was again fighting on the barricades, and now he was in deadly earnest. Indeed, he was saved from arrest and possible execution only by the appearance of a friend who managed to pass him through the lines.

His political activity did not end with the defeat of the proletariat. In February he had helped to edit a revolutionary newspaper, only two issues of which appeared. Later in the same year he tried political journalism in the provinces, writing for a conservative paper but interlarding his editorials with praise for Robespierre and Marat. As late as 1851 he was listed as responsible editor of a paper called The People's Republic. But at the end of the same year came Louis Napoleon's coup d'état, with Baudelaire again under fire by government troops. That was his last revolt, for he was becoming thoroughly disillusioned. The proletariat had lost the fight, lost confidence in itself, lost the friends so easily gained among the intellectuals. From that time Baudelaire was interested only in his individual salvation.

Yet even though he became aloof and conservative—even though he wrote in his intimate journals that "Progress is a doctrine of idlers and Belgians," that "there is no form of rational and assured government save an aristocracy"—still the effects of his revolutionary years survived in his life and in his poems. For him to turn violently away from politics was already one effect that he shared with other poets—indeed, the whole Symbolist movement was partly an outgrowth of the defeated revolution. But beyond this a new quality appeared and persisted in his work, a tenderness toward the poor and a deep sympathy with people who suffer. It might even be said that the physical realism of his poems was connected with his revolutionary experiences; he sometimes writes with a direct earthiness very close to the spirit of the French working classes. And that realism helps to explain his literary excellence. Often I have wondered why people who try to imitate Baudelaire have always fallen so far short of him. Lack of talent? That cannot be urged against Swinburne or Symons or Dowson or any one of twenty poets who have adopted what they thought was the Baudelairean pose. No, I think that what they lacked was his human sympathy and his effort to depict heart and body just as he saw them, even if he had to use exact, sharp, humble words instead of the round words that people admired. The other poets tried to reproduce his loftiness without building the homely brick foundations above which it soared.

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What Price Must We Pay for Peace?

Peace or War: The American Struggle, 1636-1936, by Merle Curti. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 374 pages. $3.

THIS IS a history and interpretation of the peace movement in America from the beginning to the present year. The early period of the pioneers from 1636 to 1860 is briefly sketched in thirty pages. The Civil War at home is covered in one chapter. Then comes the renewal of the struggle, followed by propaganda and pressure against militarism and navalism. Once more war cuts across the efforts to establish a permanent policy of peace—the Spanish war and its imperialist aftermath. Still undiscouraged, advocates of peace went ahead. Advocates increased in number. Societies were organized, endowments procured, congresses held. Gains seemed to be made in the pronouncements of politicians and distinguished citizens; and some peace ideals were incorporated in treaties. Victory seemed in sight. Once more war cuts across the peace movement—but this time a war to end war, to establish a parliament of man, the League of Nations. After the War the peace movement gains strength, its technique changes, new allies are won, its thought is widened; but the old struggle is still here, with the future uncertain.

This story Mr. Curti tells simply, but with no naïve eclecticism. His researches have been wide and deep. Scarcely a major relevancy has escaped him. The changing ideologies and defense mechanisms of war and peace are traced with an eye to the fullness of things, including ideas and interests. While Mr. Curti pays tribute to the courage and ardent labors of peace workers, he is aware of their limitations. He recognizes that the peace movement was largely middle-class in origin, and has paid too little attention to domestic interests and conflicts that verge in the direction of war. Yet he takes note of a growing awareness among advocates of peace—an awareness that foreign policy is an expression of domestic ideals and interests, that an assurance of peace calls for abandoning many historic practices in the domain of economy, for reordering economic affairs at home and among nations. Now the peace movement confronts a real dilemma. Pacific intentions are not enough. Treaties, pacts, pledges and agreements are not enough. Indeed, the very peace movement, like foreign policy itself, may be an escape for those who would avoid facing the crisis in domestic economy. Mr. Curti traces the course of development that has brought war and peace out upon a new level of discussion, and advocates of war and peace to a crisis in their own thinking.

Mr. Curti's volume helps to explain how we got into the present state. It portrays the conflicts in the ideologies of pacifists and militarists. It throws a powerful searchlight of clarification upon the present scene. It puts neutrality legislation in a new setting. It brings a philosophy of fine hopes and words down into the dusty forum of munitions-makers, ship-builders, bureaucrats, profit-seekers, exporters, importers, bankers, politicians and other special interests. It asks that embarrassing question: What price peace? Then clues to the answer are given. Amid tons of trash on peace, this work stands out as one of the few books that simply must be read by all who are weary of the talking and conferring that end in smoke and pious resolutions.

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Mr. Eskimo

Arctic Adventure: My Life in the Frozen North, by Peter Freuchen. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 477 pages, illustrated with photographs and maps. $3.50.

IN NEARLY every autobiographical book I have ever read, the author is anxious to represent himself as a plain, unpretentious, friendly, candid sort. In Freuchen's case, there is good reason to accept the portrait as a likeness, for these are among the qualities that would account for his accomplishments in the type of exploration he did—small expeditions without elaborate staff and equipment, where adaptation to native life and relationships with the natives based on intimacy rather than on special status, would be essential (one of his expeditions was the first to cross the Greenland ice cap). Life in the Arctic is so close to animal elements—the hunting Eskimo, for example, has to become physically hardier than his dogs—and it requires such a direct sort of coöperation among the men, that the squeamish, subtle and self-superior type does not survive.

The same qualities make for vivid writing. Freuchen's book is clear, frank, steady narrative, and he has no need to do any psychological digging for adventure and conflict. Life in the Arctic, for those depending on game for their food and on their own immediate strategies for protection against lethal weather, is the rawest form of the struggle for existence, and the struggle is almost always at the battle pitch. Furthermore, Freuchen's adaptation to Eskimo life was so effective that it dissolved self-consciousness. He married an Eskimo woman; had two children by her and wonders what the awe over going native can mean. He is able, as a consequence, to write about the Eskimos naturally and without affectation. His novel "Eskimo" had a similar inner veracity, and as a picture of Eskimo life was even more forceful and complete.

However, these qualities have their limitations. It becomes clear that Freuchen (who was at one time a newspaper man, and for many years has been a writer and lecturer) is audience-conscious. He is enough of a professional to know what to cultivate. He has chosen to cultivate artlessness, but does it here to the point of being too careless. Although the narrative moves strongly at any given place, and is exciting, still it is so rambling and infirmly organized as a whole that the continuity is hard to keep in mind. In getting all the bang out of the immediate adventure he neglects to proportion it to the rest, so that, in the end, it all feels the same. Secondly, while there is an exhilarating informality about the book, the sort of reader (like myself) who likes to have information summarized and conclusions reached, would appreciate more assistance from the author, not wanting to get it all by hunting between the lines. Why was it hard for Freuchen to get governmental support for his expeditions and why did he speak contemptuously of this support when another expedition received it? Why did he write so unflatteringly of the king's junket to Greenland? Why were organized scientific bodies unhelpful? Why did he and Knud Rasmussen, whose books on Eskimo culture are the definitive works in their field, have to do their scientific work in their spare time, while carrying on as fur-traders? How are the mines and the incipient industries of Greenland run? Why, in discussing the Danish rulers of Greenland, is it enough for Freuchen to dismiss the snobbery that he also suffered from and the exploitation of the natives that he notes, in almost jocular asides, with the statement that the Danes were

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probably gentler colonizers than the British? Toward matters like these and generally toward the newer, the contemporary features of Eskimo life, Freuchen exhibits an unbecoming innocence. ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

Pioneer Listener

Discoveries of a Music Critic, by Paul Rosenfeld. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 412 pages. $3.50.

MUSICAL criticism in America has always been something of a weak sister. In the old days certain writers did manage to assume an importance for their own time at least—conservatives like Krehbiel and Hale, and later more liberal spirits such as Huneker and H. T. Parker. But today musical criticism is at an especially low ebb in this country. There is almost no one to whom we can point with pride as a critic of instinct and knowledge and catholicity of taste.

The case of Paul Rosenfeld is a special one. Mr. Rosenfeld, who is of course well known to readers of The New Republic, is not so much a music critic pure and simple as an *amateur* in the French and best sense of the word. He listens to music primarily because he loves it, and he writes about it primarily because he wishes to communicate what he has experienced while listening. The communication of an experience derived by way of music is what we should look for in his writings, rather than a nicely balanced appraisal of the historical position of any one composer.

Rosenfeld's latest book—his first in five years—shows that he has lost none of his original zest and enthusiasm for "pioneer listening" such as we came to expect of him fifteen or twenty years ago. (Many of us will not soon forget the debt owed Rosenfeld for his courageous championing of contemporary masters at a time when even the best of them were being scoffed at by the usual run of reviewers.) This new book of essays ranges all the way from Monteverdi and the Court Masque, through Bach and Cimarosa to Strauss, Ravel, Scriabin and down to the latest moderns—Stravinsky, Hindemith, Milhaud and their American confreres—Ives, Harris, Chavez. Written in a style which is, for Rosenfeld, more direct than usual, it is a stimulating and provocative book such as we get too rarely nowadays from those who write about music.

One of the best articles in the book is the one on Stravinsky. Finding in Stravinsky's music a "fundamental primitive, pessimistic and fatalistic feeling," Rosenfeld sums the Russian up correctly as a "great reactionary." Writing about Stravinsky's compatriot Shostakovitch, Rosenfeld provides a controversial chapter. Because the author is disappointed in Shostakovitch he arrives at this surprising conclusion: "The sad truth would seem to be that the communist faith and idea are not a part of any genial living composer." This is the wish being father to the thought perhaps, for no one to my knowledge has ever investigated the political faith of our composers, genial or otherwise. It may be true, as Rosenfeld says, that "as yet communism has got almost none of the music it requires," but this strikes one as natural rather than remarkable. Is it reasonably possible to expect a Communist Palestrina or Bach at the present stage of development?

The pages devoted to Henry Cowell are brilliantly done. It will be a long time before anyone need add anything in that direction. The discussion of seven recent American operas, leading to the conclusion that Horatio Parker's

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"Mona," dating from 1912, is superior to any of them, leaves one skeptical. Perhaps the author's inordinate love of the Wagnerian music-drama has led him astray.

The book demonstrates more than one facet of Rosenfeld's talents: his uncompromising honesty in his annihilation of Bloch's "Sacred Service"; his love of lost causes in the valiant defense of D'Indy and Scriabin; his natural sympathy for every new musical manifestation (as witness the treatment of Kurt Weill and *Gebrauchsmusik);* and finally his complete adoration of the classics as shown in the "Three Glimpses of Bach."

One such music-lover is worth half a dozen music "critics."

AARON COPLAND.

How to Save Our Land

Little Waters: A Study of Headwater Streams and Other Little Waters, Their Use and Relations to the Land, by H. S. Person, E. Johnston Coil and Robert T. Beall. Washington: Soil Conservation Service. 82 pages. 50 cents.

"LITTLE WATERS" (a government publication!) comes tinkling in, all wrapped in pretty covers, showing water running on the good earth. More, it is written in plain English and you can understand it. Its author, H. S. Person, had the coöperation of E. J. Coil and Robert T. Beall—who classify themselves as special kinds of economists, and this seems to provide the only bad part of the book, excepting the last chapter.

The book is about conservation, and next to the stupendous report of the National Resources Board is probably the most important book or publication printed by the government in many years. It tells about the grave necessity of conservation: let us save our little waters—for "if the land perish," it proclaims dramatically in the foreword of one section, "how shall man survive?"—and then it goes on to tell us how we can survive.

Drawings, the "Hydrologic Cycle," simple, with enough color to be attractive, explain the function of water in the soil, the water table, precipitation, infiltration, evaporation. Pictures show the murderous devastation of wind erosion—of "dead land" destroyed by overcropping or overgrazing. Horrifying washaways, gullies; skeleton-like houses covered by earth piled up by the wind, surrounded by fallen trees and broken windmills; stunted corn, eroded cow paths—these and others pain the eye for looking. An old soldier sees in all this the devastation of modern war. Then, not like a pacifist's sweet dream, we are shown in a practical way how to save our soil and lands, how to plow on contours, to terrace, to strip-crop, build check-dams—and build back the country, start again infiltration, water table, plant life, fertility—how, in effect, to save and conserve the country in which we live.

It is a grand and glorious little book, and though it is not written with any flash, the drama of the subject holds you on. It will prove, I think, the Prayer Book of the Conservationists, just as the Report of the National Resources Board shall be their Bible.

The necessity of a larger supply of ground water, or "underground water store," for every purpose is shown and the necessity for conservation in relation to highways, industrial uses and municipal life is demonstrated. Then it shows the devastating effect of the washing away of fertile topsoils. In this country it will take literally many centuries to rehabilitate the injury that took no longer than a generation in the doing.

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And "soil losses through cultivation" are graphically shown in black-and-white chart pictures; also the wastage of basic soils and vegetative cover, leading the nation as a whole into tragic social and economic consequences. Worse, this erosion is greatly accelerating and causing loss to billions of dollars' worth of permanent investments in navigation districts, and the general life and economy of people living everywhere. "No nation," the book says,

> . . . however vigorous it may otherwise appear to be, can survive a progressively declining agriculture. The sustenance it draws from the soil determines its powers of resistance. In a final analysis the food, clothing and shelter of merchant, manufacturer and banker come from the land. Their prosperity rests definitely on the prosperity of agriculture.

Although the book is well written, strangely enough the last chapter drops into Pollyannaish nonsense and hurts the tone of what has gone before: the chapter should have been omitted. However, with the first half of the book telling us our faults and the last half telling us how to correct them, on the whole it is well balanced and sets a new high for government publications, so many of which are simply a grand waste of the taxpayers' paper and ink. You can get a free copy by writing to your own Congressman from your own district and showing that you really want it.

MAURY MAVERICK.

Nazi Round-Robin

America's Ju-Deal, by Franklin Thompson. Woodhaven, New York: The Community Press. 209 pages. $1.50.

THIS BOOK is an attack on the Jews, a warped, violent criticism of the New Deal, an apology for Hitler and Hearst and a condemnation of liberalism. Its central message runs something like this: The Jews in America are a small numerical minority, yet they have achieved positions of control and high responsibility. They are the rulers in Washington and Wall Street, and from their strategic position they are working for "communism and its accompanying forces of destruction; namely, atheism, evolution and animalism. . . ." Since their success is in disproportion to their numbers, they should be shipped off to "a piece of desirable territory in Africa" and *"then and not until then* will the nations of the world be able to return to a period of Christian prosperity and peace." In singing this song of hate, Franklin Thompson—if that is the author's real name—has used all the familiar tricks of "scholarly" propaganda. There are any number of quotations from unreliable sources, and long lists of figures that nobody could verify. There is also an apology to Hitler for the attacks against him in this country. The book is not being distributed through any regular channels, but is being recommended by various Jew-baiters and passed surreptitiously from hand to hand. At the offices of the Community Press in Woodhaven, Long Island—listed as the publishers of the book—no one would reveal "Franklin Thompson's" address or telephone number or any facts about him. His name is not listed in any of the telephone directories of the metropolitan area. (There are three Frank Thompsons, but all of them angrily denied authorship of any such book.) It is characteristic of Nazi literature in this country that it should be handled in this clandestine manner, so that lies can be spread without any chance of their being brought into the open and refuted.

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In a reassuring article the distinguished German novelist and exile, Lion Feuchtwanger, compares Germany today with the Germany of another exile, Heinrich Heine. Despite the barbarism of the Hitler regime Mr. Feuchtwanger believes German culture will outlast the Nazis.

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Yorkshire and New England

South Riding, by Winifred Holtby. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

The Yankee Bodleys, by Naomi Lane Babson. New York: Reynal and Hitchock-The John Day Company. $2.50.

YORKSHIRE bluestockings are as substantial as the other things one remembers Yorkshire by. One thinks of them—Phyllis Bentley, Winifred Holtby, Vera Brittain, Storm Jameson—sitting squarely at a dining-room table with a good solid typewriter before them, not a noiseless or a portable, pounding out good solid food for the mind, and for the heart too, conscientiously, six days a week. This is not to dismiss them or turn up the nose, but only to describe the flavor of their work, which has for ingredients a stern sense of social obligation, a smattering of Yorkshire wit, a deep seriousness and need to understand, and a positive inability to go off the deep end of anything: qualities that in these times make for slogans such as feminism, pacifism, reformism. Perhaps even revolution, but that, they make us feel, sometimes in spite of themselves, is general madness, is thoroughly un-English.

This last novel by Winifred Holtby, posthumous and with a moving epitaph by Vera Brittain, is as large and successful as anything yet produced by this group of writers. The book's center is local government in an imaginary section of Yorkshire, the South Riding; its theme is the tangled effect on human lives of resolutions passed in a county council. The satiric approach of "Mandoa, Mandoa!" is softened here to a more Christian humor. There is nothing missing, and in all the long cast of characters there is not one that seems to have been created as a type or because of a needed piece in the social pattern. Carne, the reactionary landlord, has as much dignity when selling heirlooms as in a pink coat riding to hounds; he is still in love with his mad and beautiful wife (rather romantic, both of them). Miss Sigglesthwaite is disposed of with less of either malice or sentiment than the usual spinster schoolmarm of fiction. Sarah Burton, red-headed, socially conscious principal of the high school, falls in love with Carne, gradually and against her will, and she has the will of a woman to whom feminism is a way of life. There are innumerable complications, beautifully interwoven, involving rich, poor and destitute.

In scope and manner of writing the book is companion to Phyllis Bentley's last novel, "Freedom, Farewell!" In both there is a need to think of group salvation, nation or community; and both authors have borrowed an art form for that purpose, have been impatient of discovering a live medium for their concepts. But Miss Holtby, who finished her book a month before she died, could not bring herself to describe decay. She wrote, and perhaps achieved in the writing, her own acceptance of death, and what it amounts to in public terms is the old philosophy of personal-communal salvation founded on Christian virtues, charity, resignation, personal courage. The one character who believes in and fights for a truly communal society is created out of the same pity and kindness of heart as another character who has nothing to his credit but a love of cats. The other main weakness of the book springs from that old thorn in the side of feminism, sex. Purposeful activity is not enough; there are other good things in life and Miss Holtby knew that they were good, and she spread them thick over her heroine, Sarah, but they never quite soaked

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in. If I could have had one hour, thinks Sarah after the death of Carne, and she means one hour in the arms of a man who loved her not at all and to whom she had nothing to say beyond reminiscences of Vienna and Biarritz. This moonlight smells of novels and the nineteenth century.

Whatever the failings of the Yorkshire group, it is a chastening experience to turn from them to New England and its present, pedestrian muse. Miss Babson's novel is another of those wistful time-passes-in-the-small-town books, placed this time in Massachusetts. It gives us love (some clean, some not), a touch of nature, a splash of music, family parties and family pride. There is little to say about the book. There is nothing "wrong" with it and no ideology behind it. It never offends, it is not puffed up, it makes pleasant, friendly reading. But the same job has been done before by Gladys Hasty Carroll, by Rachel Field, and, more spuriously, by Edna Ferber. All of them seem to say that New England's past is too glorious to be sacrificed to any concern for either the present or the future—so glorious in fact that they have touched only the most obvious edges of it and polished them in the same old spots.

ELEANOR CLARK.

End of the Trail

The Surrounded, by D'Arcy McNickle. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $2.

ON THE frontispiece of D'Arcy McNickle's book is an explanation of his title: "They called that place Sniel-emen (Mountains of the Surrounded) because there they had been set upon and destroyed."

No one has written with more insight, with more realism and at the same time with more tenderness concerning the life on an Indian reservation of the Northwest, where contact with the white men has already destroyed the tribal integrity and where the young half-blood Indians are caught and destroyed between two opposing cultures. The story on the face of it is the story of Archilde Leon, the son of an Indian mother and a Spanish father, who returns for a short visit to his reservation and who never goes away again. He cannot go away because he has been surrounded and destroyed. The story of how this destruction takes place progresses with the inevitability of a Greek tragedy. But the book is graver and deeper than the story of Archilde. It is also the account of the destruction of the Indian people.

Archilde Leon has come home to his people for a brief visit. He wants to see his mother. But more than that he wants to go hunting and fishing; he wants to climb the mountains. He wanted to do all the things once again that had made up his life as a boy. The Indian life encroached upon him again, at first softly, holding him and keeping him, day by day, from leaving. Then comes the time when his mother wishes to go hunting once more. On the hunting trip Archilde is involved in a murder which he did not commit but which makes it impossible for him to go away. Equally inevitable is his involvement with an Indian girl, the product of an Indian boarding school, gay, vital with some essential Indian quality still undestroyed.

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white encroachment. This is one of the few Indian novels where the Indian has not been treated with sentimentality and where the whole course of life on an Indian reservation is portrayed with unfailing truthfulness.

D'Arcy McNickle is well fitted to know the inner aspects of the problems confronting Indians whose tribal power has been destroyed, the problems met where two cultures are forever in conflict. He was brought up on the Flathead Indian Reservation in Montana. Although there is only a small amount of Indian blood in his Irish and French-Canadian ancestry, he was first educated in the government Indian school. From this close early knowledge of reservation life, he has written a book that is beautiful and moving.

MARY HEATON VORSE.

A Correction

In The New Republic of March 25, 1936, we published a brief editorial discussing the teachers' loyalty-oath law in Massachusetts. A typographical error appeared in one sentence, which should have read as follows:

"The Massachusetts legislators gave every evidence of wanting in America the kind of controlled instruction that exists in Germany and Italy—and there are many throughout the country who hold their view."

CONTRIBUTORS

JOHN REED died in Moscow in 1920 and was buried by the wall of the Kremlin. A long biography, "John Reed: the Making of a Revolutionary," by Granville Hicks, is being published by Macmillan on April 14.

MARIE DE L. WELCH is a California poet who spends much of her time in France. She has contributed to magazines both in this country and Europe, and is the author of two books of verse.

JONATHAN MITCHELL, who was formerly a London correspondent for The New York World, now lives in Washington, D. C.

LEWIS MUMFORD has studied and written extensively in the fields of art, literature and the social sciences. His many books include "Technics and Civilization," and he is now at work on a second volume offering a general interpretation of modern civilization.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN is assistant professor of Political Science at the University of Chicago. He is the author of "International Politics" and "The Nazi Dictatorship," a second edition of which will be published in May by Knopf.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE was born in Salem, Massachusetts, in 1916 and is at present a student at Dartmouth College. Poems by him have been published in College Verse, Poetry and Westminster Magazine.

KENNETH BURKE'S most recent book was "Permanence and Change," published in The New Republic's Dollar Series.

NEWTON ARVIN, an associate professor of English at Smith College, is completing a book about Walt Whitman.

HAROLD WARD'S special interest is in the field of the sciences and their social implications. He contributes to The New Republic, The Living Age and other magazines.

LIONEL TRILLING is a member of the English department of Columbia University. He is engaged on the final chapters of a critical study of Matthew Arnold.

CHARLES A. BEARD, famous historian, recently wrote a series of three articles on the subject "Peace for America" in The New Republic for March 4, 11 and 18.

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER, author of two volumes of verse, "Temptation of Anthony and Other Poems" and "Comrade Mister," and two novels, "Doctor Transit" and "From the Kingdom of Necessity," this year was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for the second time.

AARON COPLAND is a composer and lecturer whose ballet, "Hear Ye! Hear Ye!" was recently introduced in New York City by the Ruth Page Ballets. Last year he gave lectures on music at Harvard University and the New School for Social Research.

BRUCE BLIVEN JR. is a student at Harvard, where he is president of the Harvard Student Union.

ELEANOR CLARK, a graduate of Vassar College, is doing free-lance journalistic work in New York City.

MAURY MAVERICK, a member of the Texas family whose wide-ranging steers gave a word to the English language, is a leader of the progressive group in the House of Representatives, a war-medaled but not medal-wearing veteran, recently turned forty. He is a front-fighter for civil liberties, conservation and the T.V.A. He describes himself as "a Southerner who is progressive, who thinks the South is becoming progressive and will lead the nation out of the wilderness."

MARY HEATON VORSE is editor of the fortnightly bulletin, "Indians at Work," published by the Office of Indian Affairs.

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